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THE BAB BALLADS



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The "Bab" Ballads

MUCH SOUND &
LITTLE SENSE

By W. S. GILBERT

With ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



NEW YORK . R. H. RUSSELL
PUBLISHER . M C M V I

*Arranged and Printed by the
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P R E F A C E

I*T appears nowadays to be an absolute necessity that the subject-matter of even the most insignificant books should be heralded by a Preface; and I believe that there are on record instances of authors who have experienced no difficulty whatever in spinning very slender materials into a three-volume novel, and yet have found themselves terribly perplexed when called upon by their publishers to fill two or three pages with a vindication of their motives in writing it: just as busy people find it very easy to be guilty of an impertinence, but very difficult indeed to apologize satisfactorily for it.*

I have some reason to believe that the Ballads, which now appear for the first time in a collected form, have achieved a certain whimsical popularity among a special class of readers. I hope to gather, from their publication in a separate volume, whether that popularity (such as it is) is a thing to be gratified with. With respect to the Ballads themselves, I do not know that I have anything very definite to say about them, except that they are not, as a rule, founded upon fact.

I have ventured to publish the illustrations

with them because, while they are certainly quite as bad as the Ballads, I suppose they are not much worse. If, therefore, the Ballads are worthy of publication in a collected form, the little pictures would have a right to complain if they were omitted. I do not know that they would avail themselves of that right, but I should, nevertheless, have it on my conscience that I had been guilty of partiality. If, on the other hand, the Ballads should unfortunately be condemned as wholly unworthy of the dignity with which the Publishers have invested them, they will have the satisfaction of feeling that they have companions in misfortune in the rather clumsy sketches that accompany them.

W. S. G.

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The “Bab” Ballads

The "Bab" Ballads

CAPTAIN REECE

OF all the ships upon the blue,
No ship contained a better crew
Than that of worthy CAPTAIN REECE,
Commanding of *The Mantelpiece*.

He was adored by all his men,
For worthy CAPTAIN REECE, R.N.,
Did all that lay within him to
Promote the comfort of his crew.

If ever they were dull or sad,

Their captain

danced to

them like

mad,

Or told, to

make the

time pass

by,

Droll legends of his infancy.



A feather bed had every man,
Warm slippers and hot-water can,
Brown windsor from the captain's store,
A valet, too, to every four.

Did they with thirst in summer burn ?

Lo, seltzogens

at every

turn,

And on all

very

sultry

days

Cream ices

handed round

on trays.



Then currant wine and ginger pops

Stood handily on all the "tops :"

And, also, with amusement rife,

A "Zoetrope, or Wheel of Life."

New volumes came across the sea

From MISTER MUDIE's libraree ;

The Times and *Saturday Review*

Beguiled the leisure of the crew.

Kind-hearted CAPTAIN REECE, R.N.,

Was quite devoted to his men ;

In point of fact, good CAPTAIN REECE,

Beatified *The Mantelpiece*.

One summer eve, at half-past ten,

He said (addressing all his men) :

"Come, tell me, please, what I can do

To please and gratify my crew.

“By any reasonable plan
I’ll make you happy if I can ;
My own convenience count as *nil*;
It is my duty, and I will.”

Then up and
answered
WILLIAM LEE,
(The kindly
captain’s
coxswain he,
A nervous, shy,
low-spoken
man)
He cleared his
throat and
thus began :



“You have a daughter, CAPTAIN REECE,
Ten female cousins and a niece,
A ma, if what I ’m told is true,
Six sisters, and an aunt or two.

“Now, somehow, sir, it seems to me,
More friendly-like we all should be,
If you united of ’em to
Unmarried members of the crew.

“If you ’d ameliorate our life,
Let each select from them a wife ;
And as for nervous me, old pal,
Give me your own enchanting gal! ”

THE "BAB" BALLADS

Good CAPTAIN REECE, that worthy man,
Debated on his coxswain's plan :

"I quite agree," he said, "O BILL
It is my duty, and I will.



" My Has just
daughter, been
that promised
enchancing to an
gurl, earl,
And all my other familee
To peers of various degree.

" But what are dukes and viscounts to
The happiness of all my crew ?
The word I gave you I 'll fulfil ;
It is my duty, and I will.

" As you desire it shall befall,
I 'll settle thousands on you all,
And I shall be, despite my hoard,
The only bachelor on board."

The boatswain of *The Mantelpiece*,
He blushed and spoke to CAPTAIN REECE :
"I beg your honor's leave," he said,
"If you would wish to go and wed,

"I have a widowed mother who
Would be the very thing for you —
She long has loved you from afar,
She washes for you, CAPTAIN R."

The captain saw the dame that day —
Addressed her in his playful way —

“ And did
 it want a
 wedding
 ring ?
It was a
 tempting
 ickle sing !



“ Well, well, the chaplain I will seek,
We ’ll all be married this day week —
At yonder church upon the hill ;
It is my duty, and I will ! ”

The sisters, cousins, aunts, and niece,
And widowed ma of CAPTAIN REECE,
Attended there as they were bid ;
It was their duty, and they did.

THE RIVAL CURATES

LIST while the poet trolls
Of MR. CLAYTON HOOVER,
Who had a cure of souls
At Spiffton-extra-Soooper.

He lived on curds and whey,
And daily sang their praises,
And then he 'd go and play
With buttercups and daisies.

Wild croquet HOOVER banned,
And all the sports of Mammon,
He warred with cribbage, and
He exorcised backgammon.

His helmet was a glance
That spoke of holy gladness ;
A saintly smile his lance,
His shield a tear of sadness.

His Vicar smiled to see
This armor on him buckled :
With pardonable glee
He blessed himself and chuckled.

" In mildness to abound
My curate's sole design is,
In all the country round
There 's none so mild as mine is ! "



THE RIVAL CURATES

7

And HOOPER, disinclined
His trumpet to be blowing,
Yet did n't think you 'd find
A milder curate going.

A friend arrived one day
At Spiffton-extra-Soooper,
And in this shameful way
He spoke to MR. HOOPER :

“ You think your famous name
For mildness can't be shaken,
That none can blot your fame —
But, HOOPER, you 're mistaken !

“ Your mind is not as blank
As that of HOPLEY PORTER,
Who holds a curate's rank
At Assesmilk-cum-Worter.

“ *He* plays the airy flute,
And looks
depressed and
blighted,
Doves round
about
him
‘toot,’
And lambkins
dance
delighted.



" *He* labors more than you
 At worsted work, and frames it;
 In old maids' albums, too,
 Sticks seaweed — yes, and names it!"

The tempter said his say,
 Which pierced him like a needle —
 He summoned straight away
 His sexton and his beadle.

(These men were men who could
 Hold liberal opinions :
 On Sundays they were good —
 On week-days they were minions.)

"To HOPLEY PORTER go
 Your fare I will afford you —
 Deal him a deadly blow
 And blessings shall reward you.

"But stay — I do not like
 Undue assassination,
 And so before you strike,
 Make this communication :

"I 'll give him this one chance —
 If he 'll more gaily bear him,
 Play croquet, smoke, and dance,
 I willingly will spare him."



They went, those minions true,
 To Assesmilk-cum-Worter,
 And told their errand to
 The REVEREND HOPLEY PORTER.

“What?” said that reverend gent,
“Dance through my hours of leisure?
Smoke? — bathe myself with scent? —
Play croquet? Oh, with pleasure!

“Wear all my hair in curl?
Stand at my door and wink — so : —
At every passing girl?
My brothers, I should think so !

“For years I’ve longed for some
Excuse for this revulsion :
Now that excuse has come —
I do it on compulsion ! ! !”

He smoked and winked away —
This REVEREND
HOPLEY PORTER —
The deuce there was to pay
At Assesmilk-cum-Worter.



And HOOPER holds his ground,
In mildness daily growing —
They think him, all around,
The mildest curate going.

ONLY A DANCING GIRL

ONLY a dancing girl,
With an unromantic style,
With borrowed color and curl,
With fixed mechanical smile,
With many a hackneyed wile,
With ungrammatical lips,
And corns that mar her trips !



Hung from the "flies" in air,
She acts a palpable lie,
She 's as little a fairy there
As unpoetical I !
I hear you asking, Why —
Why in the world I sing
This tawdry, tinselled thing ?

No airy fairy she,
As she hangs in arsenic green,
From a highly impossible tree,

ONLY A DANCING GIRL 11

In a highly impossible scene
(Herself not over clean).
For fays don't suffer, I'm told,
From bunions, coughs, or cold.

And stately dames that bring
Their daughters there to see,
Pronounce the "dancing thing"
No better than she should be.
With her skirt at her shameful knee,
And her painted, tainted phiz :
Ah, matron, which of us is ?

(And, in sooth, it oft occurs
That while these matrons sigh,
Their dresses are lower than hers,
And sometimes half as high ;
And their hair is hair they buy,
And they use their glasses, too,
In a way she 'd blush to do.)

But change her gold and green
For a coarse merino gown,
And see her upon the scene
Of her home, when coaxing down
Her drunken father's frown,
In his squalid cheerless den :
She 's a fairy truly, then !

GENERAL JOHN

THE bravest names for fire and flames,
 And all that mortal durst,
 Were GENERAL JOHN and PRIVATE JAMES,
 Of the Sixty-seventy-first.

GENERAL JOHN was a soldier tried,



A chief
 of
 warlike
 dons ;
 A haughty
 stride
 and a
 withering
 pride

Were MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN's.

A sneer would play on his martial phiz,
 Superior birth to show ;
 "Pish !" was a favorite word of his,
 And he often said "Ho ! ho !"

FULL-PRIVATE JAMES described might be
 As a man of a mournful mind ;
 No characteristic trait had he
 Of any distinctive kind.

From the ranks, one day, cried PRIVATE JAMES,
 " Oh ! MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN,
 I 've doubts of our respective names,
 My mournful mind upon.

" A glimmering thought occurs to me,
 (Its source I can't unearth)
 But I 've a kind of notion we
 Were cruelly changed at birth.

" I 've a strange idea, each other's names
 That we have each got on.
 Such things have been," said PRIVATE JAMES.
 " They have ! " sneered GENERAL JOHN.

" My GENERAL JOHN, I swear upon
 My oath I think 't is so —— "
 " Pish ! " proudly sneered his GENERAL JOHN,
 And he also said, " Ho ! ho ! "

" My GENERAL JOHN ! my GENERAL JOHN !
 My GENERAL
 JOHN ! "

quoth he,
 " This aristo-
 cratical sneer
 upon
 Your face
 I blush
 to see !



"No truly great or generous cove
Deserving of them names
Would sneer at a fixed idea that's drove
In the mind of a PRIVATE JAMES!"

Said GENERAL JOHN, "Upon your claims
No need your breath to waste ;
If this is a joke, FULL-PRIVATE JAMES,
It's a joke of doubtful taste.

"But being a man of doubtless worth,
If you feel certain quite
That we were probably changed at birth,
I'll venture to say you're right."

So GENERAL JOHN as PRIVATE JAMES
Fell in, parade upon ;
And PRIVATE JAMES, by change of names,
Was MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN.



TO A LITTLE MAID

By a Policeman

COME with me, little maid,
 Nay, shrink not, thus afraid —
 I'll harm thee not!
 Fly not, my love, from me —
 I have a home for thee —
 A fairy grot,
 Where mortal eye
 Can rarely pry,
 There shall thy dwelling be!



List to me, while I tell
 The pleasures of that cell,
 Oh, little maid!
 What though its couch be rude,
 Homely the only food
 Within its shade?
 No thought of care
 Can enter there,
 No vulgar swain intrude!

Come with me, little maid,
Come to the rocky shade,
 I love to sing ;
Live with us, maiden rare —
Come, for we " want " thee there,
 Thou elfin thing,
 To work thy spell,
 In some cool cell
In stately Pentonville !

JOHN AND FREDDY

JOHN courted lovely MARY ANN,
 So likewise did his brother FREDDY,
 FRED was

a very soft
 young man,
 While JOHN,
 though quick,
 was most
 unsteady.



Young FRED
 had grace all
 men above,
 But JOHN was
 very much
 the strongest.

“Oh, dance,” said she, “to win my love —
 I’ll marry him who dances longest.”

JOHN tries the maiden’s taste to strike
 With gay, grotesque, outrageous dresses,
 And dances comically, like
 CLODOCHE AND Co., at the Princess’s.

But FREDDY tries another style,
 He knows some graceful steps and does ’em —
 A breathing Poem — Woman’s smile —
 A man all poesy and buzzem.

Now FREDDY's operatic *pas* —

Now JOHNNY's hornpipe seems entrapping :

Now FREDDY's
graceful

entrechats —

Now JOHNNY's
skilful

"cellar-flap-
ping."



For many hours — for
many days —

For many weeks performed each brother.

For each was active in his ways,

And neither would give in to t'other.

After a month of this, they say

(The maid was getting bored and moody)

A wandering

curate

passed that

way

And talked

a lot of

goody-goody.



"Oh my," said he,

with solemn frown,

"I tremble for each dancing *frater*,

Like unregenerated clown

And harlequin at some thee-ayter."

He showed that men, in dancing, do
Both impiously and absurdly,
And proved his proposition true,
With Firstly, Secondly, and Thirdly.

For months both JOHN and FREDDY danced,
The curate's protests little heeding ;
For months the curate's words enhanced
The sinfulness of their proceeding.

At length they bowed to Nature's
rule —

Their steps grew feeble and un-
steady,
Till FREDDY fainted on a stool,
And JOHNNY on the top of FREDDY.



“Decide !” quoth they ; “let him
be named
Who henceforth as his wife may rank you.”
“I’ve changed my views,” the maiden said,
“I only marry curates, thank you !”

Says FREDDY, “Here is goings on !
To bust myself with rage I’m ready.”
“I’ll be a curate !” whispers JOHN —
“And I,” exclaimed poetic FREDDY.

But while they read for it, these chaps,
The curate booked the maiden bonny —
And when she’s buried him, perhaps,
She’ll marry FREDERICK or JOHNNY.



SIR GUY THE CRUSADER

SIR GUY was a doughty crusader,
 A muscular knight,
 Ever ready to fight,
 A very determined invader,
 And DICKEY DE LION's delight.

LENORE was a Saracen maiden,
 Brunette, statuesque,
 The reverse of grotesque ;
 Her pa was a bagman at Aden,
 Her mother she played in burlesque.



A *coryphée* pretty and loyal,
 In amber and red,
 The ballet she led ;
 Her mother performed at
 the Royal,
 LENORE at the Saracen's
 Head.

Of face and of figure majestic,
 She dazzled the cits —
 Ecstaticized pits ; —
 Her troubles were only domestic,
 But drove her half out of her wits.

Her father incessantly lashed her,
 On water and bread
 She was grudgingly fed ;
 Whenever her father he thrashed her
 Her mother sat down on her head.

Guy saw her, and loved her, with reason,
 For beauty Set him
 so mad with
 bright delight;
 He purchased a stall for the
 season,
 And sat in it every night.



His views were exceedingly
 proper,
 He wanted to wed,
 So he called at her shed
 And saw her progenitor whop her —
 Her mother sit down on her head.

“So pretty,” said he, “and so trusting!
 You brute of a dad,
 You unprincipled cad,
 Your conduct is really disgusting.
 Come, come, now, admit it’s too bad!

THE "BAB" BALLADS

"You 're a turbaned old Turk, and
 malignant —
 Your daughter LENORE
 I intensely adore,
 And I cannot help feeling indignant,
 A fact that I hinted before.

"To see a fond father employing
 A deuce of a knout
 For to bang her about,
 To a sensitive lover's annoying."
 Said the bagman, "Crusader, get
 out !"



Says Guy, "Shall
 a warrior laden
 With
 a big
 spiky
 knob
 Stand idly
 and sob,

While a beautiful Saracen
 maiden
 Is whipped by a Saracen
 snob ?

"To London I'll go from my charmer."
 Which he did, with his loot
 (Seven hats and a flute),
 And was nabbed for his Sydenham armor,
 At MR. BEN-SAMUEL's suit.

SIR GUY THE CRUSADER 23

SIR GUY he was lodged in the Compter,
Her pa, in a rage,
Died (don't know his age),
His daughter, she married the prompter,
Grew bulky and quitted the stage.

HAUNTED

HAUNTED? Aye, in a social way,
By a body of ghosts in dread array :
But no conventional spectres they —
Appalling, grim, and tricky :
I quail at mine as I 'd never quail
At a fine traditional spectre pale,
With a turnip head and a ghostly wail,
And a splash of blood on the dicky !

Mine are horrible, social ghosts,
Speeches and women and guests and hosts
Weddings and morning calls and toasts,
In every bad variety :
Ghosts who hover about the grave
Of all that 's manly, free, and brave :
You 'll find their names on the architrave
Of that charnel-house, Society.

Black Monday — black as its school-room ink —
With its dismal boys that snivel and think
Of its nauseous messes to eat and drink,
And its frozen tank to wash in.
That was the first that brought me grief
And made me weep, till I sought relief
In an emblematical handkerchief,
To choke such baby bosh in.

First and worst in the grim array —
 Ghosts of ghosts that have gone their way,
 Which I would n't revive for a single day
 For all the wealth of PLUTUS —
 Are the horrible ghosts that school-days scared :
 If the classical

ghost that
 BRUTUS dared
 Was the ghost
 of his " Cæsar " ,
 unprepared,
 I'm sure
 I pity
 BRUTUS.



I pass to critical seventeen ;
 The ghost of that terrible wedding scene,
 When an elderly colonel stole my queen,
 And woke my dream of heaven.
 No school-girl decked in her nurse-room curls
 Was my gushing innocent queen of pearls ;
 If she was n't a girl of a thousand girls,
 She was one of forty-seven !

I see the ghost of my first cigar —
 Of the thence-arising family jar —
 Of my maiden brief (I was at the bar),
 (I called the judge, " Your wushup ! ")
 Of reckless days and reckless nights,
 With wrenched-off knockers, extinguished lights,
 Unholy songs, and tipsy fights,
 Which I strove in vain to hush up.

Ghosts of fraudulent joint-stock banks,
Ghosts of "copy, declined with thanks,"
Of novels returned in endless ranks,
 And thousands more, I suffer.
The only line to fitly grace
My humble tomb, when I've run my race,
Is, "Reader, this is the resting-place
 Of an unsuccessful duffer."

I've fought them all, these ghosts of mine,
But the weapons I've used are sighs and brine,
And now that I'm nearly forty-nine,
 Old age is my chiefest bogey ;
For my hair is thinning away at the crown,
And the silver fights with the worn-out brown ;
And a general verdict sets me down
 As an irreclaimable fogey.

THE BISHOP & *the* BUSMAN

IT was a Bishop bold,
And London was his see;
He was short and stout and round about
And zealous as could be.

It also was a Jew,
Who drove a Putney
bus —
For flesh of swine how-
ever fine
He did not care a cuss.



His name was HASH BAZ BEN,
And JEDEDIAH too,
And SOLOMON and ZABULON —
This bus-directing Jew.

The Bishop said, said he,
“ I ’ll see what I can do
To Christianize and make you wise,
You poor benighted Jew.”

So every blessed day
That bus he rode outside,
From Fulham town, both up and down,
And loudly thus he cried : —

THE "BAB" BALLADS

"His name is HASH BAZ BEN,
And JEDEDIAH too,
And SOLOMON and ZABULON —
This bus-directing Jew."

At first the busman smiled,
And rather liked the fun —
He merely smiled, that Hebrew child,
And said, "Eccentric one!"



And gay young
dogs would wait
To see the bus go by
(These gay young
dogs in striking togs),
To hear the bishop
cry : —

"Observe his grisly beard,
His race it clearly shows,
He sticks no fork in ham or pork —
Observe, my friends, his nose.

"His name is HASH BAZ BEN,
And JEDEDIAH, too,
And SOLOMON and ZABULON —
This bus-directing Jew."

But though at first amused,
Yet after seven years,
This Hebrew child got awful riled,
And busted into tears.

THE BISHOP AND THE BUSMAN 29

He really almost feared
To leave his poor abode,
His nose, and name, and beard became
A byword on that road.

At length he swore an oath,
The reason he would know —
“I’ll call and see why ever he
Does persecute me so.”

The good old bishop sat
On his ancestral chair,
The busman came, sent up his name,
And laid his grievance bare.

“Benighted Jew,”
he said
(And chuckled
loud with
joy),
“Be Christian
you,
instead of
Jew —
Become a
Christian boy.



“I’ll ne’er annoy you more.”
“Indeed?” replied the Jew.
“Shall I be freed?” “You will, indeed!”
Then “Done!” said he, “with you!”

The organ which, in man,
Between the eyebrows grows,
Fell from his face, and in its place,
He found a Christian nose.

His tangled Hebrew beard,
Which to his waist came down,
Was now a pair of whiskers fair —
His name, ADOLPHUS BROWN.

He wedded in a year
That prelate's daughter JANE ;
He's grown quite fair — has auburn hair—
His wife is far from plain.



THE TROUBADOUR

A TROUBADOUR he played
Without a castle wall,
Within, a hapless maid
Responded to his call.

“Oh, willow, woe is me!
Alack and well-a-day !
If I were only free
I'd hie me far away !”

Unknown her face and
name,
But this he knew right well,
The maiden's wailing came
From out a dungeon cell.

A hapless woman lay
Within that dungeon grim —
That fact, I've heard him say,
Was quite enough for him.

“I will not sit or lie,
Or eat or drink, I vow,
Till thou art free as I,
Or I as pent as thou.”

Her tears then ceased to flow,
Her wails no longer rang,
And tuneful in her woe
The prisoned maiden sang:



THE "BAB" BALLADS

"Oh, stranger, as you play
 I recognize your touch ;
 And all that I can say
 Is, thank you very much."

He seized his clarion straight,
 And blew thereat, until
 A warden oped the gate,
 "Oh, what might be your will?"

"I've come, sir knave, to see
 The master of these halls :
 A maid unwillingly
 Lies prisoned in their walls."

With barely stifled sigh
 That porter drooped his head,
 With teardrops in his eye,
 "A many, sir," he said.

He stayed to hear no more,
 But pushed that porter by,
 And shortly stood before
 SIR HUGH DE PECKHAM RYE.

SIR HUGH he darkly frowned,



"What would
 you, sir, with
 me?"

The troubadour
 he downed
 Upon his
 bended knee.

“I’ve come, DE PECKHAM RYE,
 To do a Christian task;
 You ask me what would I?
 It is not much I ask.

“Release these maidens, sir,
 Whom you dominion o’er —
 Particularly her
 Upon the second floor.



“And if you
 don’t, my
 lord” —

He here stood
 bolt upright,
 And tapped
 a tailor’s
 sword —

“Come out,
 you cad,
 and fight!”

SIR HUGH he called — and ran
 The warden from the gate :
 “Go, show this gentleman
 The maid in forty-eight.”

By many a cell they past,
 And stopped at length before
 A portal, bolted fast :
 The man unlocked the door.

THE "BAB" BALLADS

He called inside the gate
 With coarse and brutal shout,
 "Come, step it, Forty-eight!"
 And Forty-eight stepped out.



"They gets it
 pretty hot,
 The maidens
 what we
 cotch—
 Two years this
 lady's got
 For collaring
 a wotch."

"Oh, ah! — indeed — I see,"
 The troubadour exclaimed —
 "If I may make so free,
 How is this castle named?"

The warden's eyelids fill,
 And sighing, he replied,
 "Of gloomy Pentonville
 This is the female side!"

The minstrel did not wait
 The warden stout to thank,
 But recollected straight
 He'd business at the Bank.

FERDINANDO AND ELVIRA

Or the Gentle Pieman

PART I

AT a pleasant evening party I had taken
down to supper
One whom I will call ELVIRA, and we talked of
love and TUPPER.

MR. TUPPER and the poets, very lightly with
them dealing,
For I've always been distinguished for a strong
poetic feeling.

Then we let off paper crackers, each of which
contained a motto,
And she listened while I read them, till her
mother told her not to.

Then she whispered, "To the ball-room we
had better, dear, be walking;
If we stop down here much longer, really people
will be talking."

There were noblemen in coronets, and military
cousins,
There were captains by the hundred, there were
baronets by dozens.

Yet she heeded not their offers, but dismissed
them with a blessing ;
Then she let down all her back-hair which had
taken long in dressing.

Then she had convulsive sobbings in her agitated
throatle,
Then she wiped her pretty eyes and smelt her
pretty smelling bottle.



So I whispered,
" Dear *ELVRIA*,
say, — what
can the matter
be with
you ?

Does anything
you've eaten,
darling *POPSY*,
disagree with
you ? "

But spite of all I said, her sobs grew more and
more distressing,
And she tore her pretty back-hair, which had
taken long in dressing.

Then she gazed upon the carpet, at the ceiling
then above me,
And she whispered, " *FERDINANDO*, do you really,
really love me ? "

FERDINANDO AND ELVIRA 37

“ Love you ? ” said I, then I sighed, and then
I gazed upon her sweetly —
For I think I do this sort of thing particularly
neatly —

“ Send me to the Arctic regions, or illimitable
azure,
On a scientific goose-chase, with my COXWELL
or my GLAISHER !

“ Tell me whither I may hie me, tell me, dear
one, that I may know —
Is it up the highest Andes ? down a horrible
volcano ? ”

But she said, “ It is n't polar bears, or hot
volcanic grottoes,
Only find out who it is that writes those lovely
cracker mottoes ! ”

PART II

“ Tell me, HENRY WADSWORTH, ALFRED, POET
CLOSE, or MISTER TUPPER,
Do you write the bonbon mottoes my ELVIRA
pulls at supper ? ”

But HENRY WADSWORTH smiled, and said he had
not had that honor :
And ALFRED, too, disclaimed the words that
told so much upon her.

"MISTER MARTIN TUPPER, POET CLOSE, I beg
of you inform us ;"

But my question seemed to throw them both
into a rage enormous.

MISTER CLOSE expressed a wish that he could
only get anigh to me,

And MISTER MARTIN TUPPER sent the following
reply to me : —

"A fool is bent upon a twig, but wise men
dread a bandit,"

Which I know was very clever ; but I did n't
understand it.

Seven weary years I wandered — Patagonia,
China, Norway,

Till at last I sank exhausted at a pastrycook his
doorway.

There were fuchsias and geraniums, and daffo-
dils and myrtle,

So I entered, and I ordered half a basin of mock
turtle.

He was plump and he was chubby, he was
smooth and he was rosy,

And his little wife was pretty, and particularly
cozy.

FERDINANDO AND ELVIRA 39

And he chirped and sang, and skipped about,
and laughed with laughter hearty —
He was wonderfully active for so very stout a
party.

And I said, “ Oh,
gentle pieman,
why so very,
very merry ?
Is it purity of conscience,
or your one-and-seven
sherry ? ”



But he answered, “ I ’m so happy — no pro-
fession could be dearer —
If I am not humming ‘ Tra ! la ! la ! ’ I ’m
singing ‘ Tírer, lírer ! ’ ”

“ First I go and make the patties, and the pud-
dings and the jellies,
Then I make a sugar birdcage, which upon a
table swell is ;

“ Then I polish all the silver, which a supper-
table lacquers ;
Then I write the pretty mottoes which you find
inside the crackers ” —

“ Found at last ! ” I madly shouted. “ Gentle
pieman, you astound me ! ”
Then I waved the turtle soup enthusiastically
round me.

And I shouted and I danced until he'd quite a
crowd around him —

And I rushed away exclaiming, "I have found
him! I have found him!"

And I heard the gentle pieman in the road be-
hind me trilling,

"'Tira! lira!' stop him, stop him! 'Tra!
la! la!' the soup's a shilling!"

But until I reached ELVIRA's home, I never,
never waited,

And ELVIRA to her FERDINAND's irrevocably
mated!



LORENZO DE LARDY

DALILAH DE DARDY adored
An officer, late of the Guards,
LORENZO DE LARDY, a lord —
A personal friend of the Bard's.

DALILAH DE DARDY was fat,
DALILAH DE DARDY was old,
(No doubt in the world about that)
But DALILAH DE DARDY had gold.

LORENZO DE LARDY was tall,
The flower of maidenly pets,
Young ladies would love at his call,
But LORENZO DE LARDY had debts.

His money-position was queer,
And one of his favorite freaks
Was to hide himself three times a year
In Paris, for several weeks.

Many days did n't pass him before
He fanned himself into a flame,
For a beautiful "DAM DU COMPTWORE,"
And this was her singular name :

ALICE EULALIE CORALINE

EUPHROSINE COLOMBINA THERESE

JULIETTE STEPHANIE CELESTINE

CHARLOTTE RUSSE DE LA SAUCE MAYONNAISE

She booked all the orders and tin,

Accoutred in showy fal-lal,

At a two-fifty
Restaurant, in
The glittering
Palais Royal.



He'd gaze in
her orbit
of blue,
Her hand
he would
tenderly
squeeze,

But the words of her tongue that he knew
Were limited strictly to these :

“CORALINE CELESTINE EULALIE,
Houp là ! Je vous aime, oui, mossoo,
Combien donnez moi aujourd'hui
Bonjour, Mademoiselle, parlez voo.”

MADEMOISELLE DE LA SAUCE MAYONNAISE

Was a witty and beautiful miss,
Extremely correct in her ways,
But her English consisted of this : —

“ Oh my ! pretty man, if you please,
Blom boodin, biftek, currie lamb,
Bouldogue, two franc half, quite ze cheese,
Rosbif, me spik Angleesh godam.”

He 'd gaze in her eyes all the day,
Admiring their sparkle and dance,
And list while she rattled away
In the musical accents of France.

A waiter, for seasons before,
Had basked in her beautiful gaze,
And burnt to dismember MILOR,
He loved DE LA SAUCE MAYONNAISE.

He said to her, “ Méchante THERESE,
Avec désespoir tu m'accables,
Pense tu, DE LA SAUCE MAYONNAISE,
Ses intentions sont honorables.

“ Flirtez toujours, ma belle, si tu oses —
Je me vengerai ainsi, ma chère,
Je le dirai de quoi on compose
Vol au vent à la Financière !”

LORD LARDY knew nothing of this —
The waiter's devotion ignored,
But he gazed on the beautiful miss,
And never seemed weary or bored.

The waiter would screw up his nerve,
His fingers he 'd snap and he 'd dance —



And LORD LARDY
would smile
and observe,
“ How strange
are the customs
of France ! ”

Well, after delaying
a space,
His tradesmen no
longer would wait:

Returning to England apace,
He yielded himself to his fate.

LORD LARDY espoused, with a groan,
Miss DARDY's developing charms,
And agreed to tag on to his own,
Her name and her newly-found arms.

The waiter he knelt at the toes
Of an ugly and thin *coryphée*,
Who danced in the hindmost rows
At the Théâtre des Variétés.

MADemoiselle DE LA SAUCE MAYON-
NAISE

Did n't yield to a gnawing despair,
But married a soldier, and plays
As a pretty and pert Vivandière.





DISILLUSIONED

By an Ex-Enthusiast

OH, that my soul its gods could see
As years ago they seemed to me
When first I painted them ;
Invested with the circumstance
Of old conventional romance :
Exploded theorem !

The bard who could, all men above,
Inflame my soul with songs of love,
And, with his verse, inspire
The craven soul who feared to die,
With all the glow of chivalry
And old heroic fire ;

I found him in a beerhouse tap
Awaking from a gin-born nap,
With pipe and sloven dress ;

Amusing chums, who fooled his bent,
 With muddy, maudlin sentiment,
 And tipsy foolishness !

The novelist, whose painting pen
 To legions of fictitious men
 A real existence lends,
 Brain-people whom we rarely fail,
 Whene'er we hear their names, to hail
 As old and welcome friends,

I found in clumsy, snuffy suit,
 In seedy glove, and blucher boot,
 Uncomfortably big.
 Particularly commonplace,
 With vulgar, coarse, stock-broking face,
 And spectacles and wig.



My favorite actor
 who, at will,
 With mimic woe my
 eyes could fill
 With unaccustomed
 brine :
 A being who appeared
 to me
 (Before I knew him
 well) to be
 A song incarnadine ;

I found a coarse unpleasant man
 With speckled chin — unhealthy, wan —

Of self-importance full :
Existing in an atmosphere
That reeked of gin and pipes and beer —
Conceited, fractious, dull.

The warrior whose ennobled name
Is woven with his country's fame,
Triumphant over all,
I found weak, palsied, bloated, blear ;
His province seemed to be, to leer
At bonnets in Pall Mall.

Would that ye always shone, who write,
Bathed in your own innate lime-light,
And ye who battles wage,
Or that in darkness I had died
Before my soul had ever sighed
To see you off the stage !

BABETTE'S LOVE

BABETTE she was a fisher gal,
 With jupon striped and cap in crimps,
 She passed her days inside the Halle,
 Or collaring of little shrimps.
 Yet she was sweet as flowers in May,
 With no professional bouquet.

JACOT was, of the Customs bold,
 An officer, at gay Boulogne,
 He loved



BABETTE —
 his love
 he told
 And sighed,
 " Oh, soyez
 vous my own ! "
 But " Non ! "
 said she,
 " JACOT,
 my pet,

Vous êtes trop scraggy pour BABETTE.

" Of one alone I nightly dream,
 An able mariner is he,
 And gaily serves the Gen'ral Steam-
 Boat Navigation Companece,
 I'll marry him, if he but will —
 His name, I rather think, is BILL.

“ I see him when he ’s not aware,
 Upon our hospitable coast,
 Reclining with an easy air,
 Upon the *port* against a post,
 A-thinking His native
 of, I ’ll Chelsea
 dare far
 to say, away ! ”



“ Oh, mon ! ” exclaimed the
 Customs bold,
 “ Mes yeux ! ” he said, which means, “ my
 eye.”
 “ Oh, chère ! ” he also cried, I ’m told,
 “ Par Jove,” he added, with a sigh.
 “ Oh, mon ! oh, chère ! mes yeux ! par Jove !
 Je n’aime pas cet enticing cove ! ”

The *Panther’s* Captain stood hard by,
 He was a man of morals strict,
 If e’er a sailor winked his eye,
 Straightway he had that sailor licked,
 Mast-headed all (such was his code)
 Who dashed or jiggered, blessed or blowed.

He wept to think a tar of his
 Should lean so gracefully on posts,
 He sighed and sobbed to think of this,
 On foreign, French, and friendly coasts.
 “ It ’s human natur’, p’raps — if so,
 Oh, is n’t human natur’ low ! ”

He called his BILL, who pulled his curl,
He said, "My BILL, I understand



You've captivated some
young gurl
On this here French
and foreign land.
Her tender heart your
beauties jog —
They do, you know they
do, you dog.

"You have a graceful way, I learn,
Of leaning airily on posts,
By which you've been and caused to burn
A tender flame on these here coasts.
A fisher gurl, I much regret, —
Her age, sixteen — her name BABETTE.

"You'll marry her, you gentle tar —
Your union I myself will bless;
And when you matrimonied are,
I will appoint her stewardess."
But WILLIAM hitched himself and sighed,
And cleared his throat, and thus
replied: —

"Not so: unless you're fond
of strife,
You'd better mind your own
affairs;
I have an able-bodied wife
Awaiting me at Wapping Stairs;



If all this here to her I tell,
She 'll larrup me, and you as well.

“Skin-deep, and valued at a pin,
Is beauty such as VENUS owns —
Her beauty is beneath her skin,
And lies in layers on her bones.
The other sailors of the crew,
They always calls her ‘Wapping Sue!’”

“Oho!” the Captain said, “I see!
And is she then so very strong?”
“She’d take your honor’s scruff,” said he,
“And pitch you over to Bolong!”
“I pardon you,” the Captain said,
“The fair BABETTE you need n’t wed.”

Perhaps the Customs had his will,
And coaxed the scornful girl to wed:
Perhaps the Captain and his BILL,
And WILLIAM’s little wife are dead;
Or p’r’aps they’re all alive and well:
I cannot, cannot, cannot tell.

TO MY BRIDE

(Whoever she may be)

O H! little maid! — (I do not know your
name

Or who you are, so, as a safe pre-
caution

I'll add) — Oh, buxom widow! mar-
ried dame!

(As one of these must be your present
portion)

Listen, while I unveil prophetic lore for you,
And sing the fate that Fortune has in store for you.



You'll marry soon — within a year or twain
A bachelor of *circa* two and thirty,
Tall, gentlemanly, but extremely plain,
And, when you're intimate, you'll call him
"BERTIE."

Neat — dresses well; his temper has been
classified
As hasty; but he's very quickly pacified.

You'll find him working mildly at the Bar,
After a touch at two or three professions,
From easy affluence extremely far;
A brief or two on Circuit — "soup" at
Sessions;
A pound or two from whist, and backing horses,
And, say three hundred from his own resources.

Quiet in harness; free from serious vice,
His faults are not particularly shady,
You'll never find him "*sby*" — for, once or
twice

Already, he's been driven by a lady,
Who parts with him — perhaps a poor excuse
for him —

Because she has n't any further use for him.

Oh! bride of mine — tall, dumpy, dark or fair!
Oh! widow — wife, maybe, or blushing
maiden,

I've told *your* fortune; solved the gravest care
With which your mind has hitherto been
laden,

I've prophesied correctly, never doubt it;
Now tell me mine — and please be quick about it!

You — only you — can tell me, an' you will,
To whom I'm destined shortly to be mated.
Will she run up a heavy *modiste's* bill?

If so, I want to hear her income stated.
(This is a point which interests me greatly),
To quote the bard, "Oh! have I seen her
lately?"

Say, must I wait till husband number one
Is comfortably stowed away at Woking?
How is her hair most usually done?

And tell me, please, will she object to smoking?
The color of her eyes, too, you may mention:
Come, Sybil, prophesy — I'm all attention.



THE FOLLY OF BROWN

By a General Agent

I KNEW a boor — a clownish card,
(His only friends were pigs and cows and
The poultry of a small farmyard)
Who came into two hundred thousand.

Good fortune worked no change in BROWN,
Though she's a mighty social chymist :
He was a clown — and by a clown
I do not mean a pantomimist.

It left him quiet, calm, and cool,
Though hardly knowing what a crown was
You can't imagine what a fool
Poor rich, uneducated BROWN was !

He scouted all who wished to come
And give him monetary schooling ;
And I propose to give you some
Idea of his insensate fooling.

I formed a company or two —

(Of course I don't
know what the
rest meant,

I formed
them
solely
with a
view

To help
him to
a sound
invest-
ment).



Their objects were — their only cares —

To justify their Boards in showing
A handsome dividend on shares,
And keep their good promoter going.

But no — the lout prefers his brass,

Though shares at par I freely proffer :
Yes — will it be believed ? — the ass
Declines, with thanks, my well-meant offer !



He added, with
a bumpkin's
grin,

(A weakly
intellect
denoting)

He'd rather
not invest
it in

A company of my promoting !

' You have two hundred ' thou ' or more,"
Said I. " You 'll waste it, lose it, lend it :

Come, take	I 'll gladly
my	show you
furnished	how to
second	spend
floor,	it."



But will it be believed
that he,
With grin upon his face
of poppy,

Declined my aid, while thanking me
For what he called my " philanthroppy " ?

Some blind, suspicious fools rejoice
In doubting friends who would n't harm
them ;

They will not hear the charmer's voice,
However wisely he may charm them.

I showed him that his coat, all dust,
Top boots and cords provoked compassion,
And proved that men of station must
Conform to the decrees of fashion.

I showed him where to buy his hat,
To coat him, trouser him, and boot him ;
But no — he would n't hear of that —
" He did n't think the style would suit
him ! "

I offered him a county seat,
And made no
end of an
oration ;

I made it
certainly
complete,
And intro-
duced the
deputation.



But no — the clown my prospects blights —
(The worth of birth it surely teaches !)
“ Why should I want to spend my nights
In Parliament, a-making speeches ?

“ I have n’t never been to school —
I ain’t had not no eddication —
And I should surely be a fool
To publish that to all the nation ! ”

I offered him a trotting horse —
No hack had ever trotted faster —
I also offered him, of course,
A rare and curious “ old Master.”

I offered to procure him weeds —
Wines fit for one in his position —
But, though an ass in all his deeds,
He’d learnt the meaning of “ commis-
sion.”

He called me "thief" the other day,
And daily from his door he thrusts me ;



Much more Begin to
of this, think that
and BROWN
soon mistrusts
I may me.

So deaf to all sound Reason'
rule

This poor uneducated clown is,
You *cannot* fancy what a fool
Poor rich uneducated BROWN is.

SIR MACKLIN

OF all the youths I ever saw
None were so wicked, vain, or silly,
So lost to shame and Sunday law
As worldly TOM, and BOB, and BILLY.

For every (Such was their
Sabbath gay and
day they thoughtless
walked natur)



~In parks or gardens, where they talked
From three to six, or even later.

SIR MACKLIN was a priest severe
In conduct and in conversation,
It did a sinner good to hear
Him deal in ratiocination.

He could in every action show
Some sin, and nobody could doubt him.
He argued high, he argued low,
He also argued round about him.

He wept to think each thoughtless youth
Contained of wickedness a skinful,
And burnt to teach the awful truth,
That walking out on Sunday 's sinful.

"Oh, youths," said he, "I grieve to find
The course of life you've been and hit on —



Sit down," said
he, "and
never mind
The pennies for
the chairs
you sit on.

"My opening head is 'Kensington,'
How walking there the sinner hardens,
Which when I have enlarged upon,
I go to 'Secondly' — its 'Gardens.'

"My 'Thirdly' comprehendeth 'Hyde,'
Of Secrecy the guilt, and shameses :
My 'Fourthly' — 'Park' — its verdure wide —
My 'Fifthly' comprehends 'St. James's.'

"That matter settled I shall reach
The 'Sixthly' in my solemn tether,
And show that what is true of each,
Is also true of all, together.

"Then I shall demonstrate to you,
According to the rules of Whately,
That what is true of all, is true
Of each, considered separately."

In lavish stream his accents flow,
TOM, BOB, and BILLY dare not flout him ;
He argued high, he argued low,
He also argued round about him.

“Ha, ha !” he said, “you loathe your ways,
 You writhe at these, my words of warning,
 In agony your hands
 you raise.”

(And so they did,
 for they were
 yawning.)



To “Twenty-firstly”
 on they go,
 The lads do not
 attempt to scout
 him ;

He argued high, he argued low,
 He also argued round about him.

“Ho, ho !” he cries, “you bow your crests —
 My eloquence has set you weeping ;
 In shame you bend
 upon your
 breasts !”

(And so they did,
 for they were
 sleeping.)



He proved them
 this — he proved
 them that —
 This good but wearisome ascetic ;

He jumped and thumped upon his hat,
 He was so very energetic.

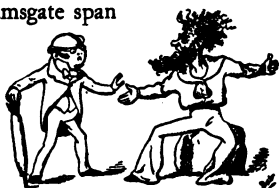
His Bishop at this moment chanced
To pass, and found the road encumbered ;
He noticed how the Churchman danced,
And how his congregation slumbered.

The hundred and eleventh head
The priest completed of his stricture ;
"Oh, bosh !" the worthy Bishop said,
And walked him off, as in the picture.



THE YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL"

'T WAS on the shores that round our
coast
From Deal to Ramsgate span
That I found
alone, on
a piece
of stone,
An elderly
naval man.



His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
And weedy and long was he,
And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
In a singular minor key :

" Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
Till I really felt afraid ;
For I could n't help thinking the man had been
drinking,
And so I simply said :

64 THE "BAB" BALLADS

" Oh, elderly man, it 's little I know
Of the duties of men of the sea,
And I 'll eat my hand if I understand
How you can possibly be

" At once a cook, and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
Is a trick all seamen larn,
And having got rid of a thumping quid,
He spun this painful yarn :

" 'T was in the good ship *Nancy Bell*
That we sailed to the Indian sea,
And there on a reef we come to grief,
Which has often occurred to me.

" And pretty nigh all o' the crew was drowned
(There was seventy-seven o' soul),
And only ten of the *Nancy's* men
Said ' Here ! ' to the muster roll.

" There was me and the cook and the captain
bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And the bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig.

YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL" 65

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor
drink,

Till a-hungry we did feel,
So, we drawed a lot, and, accordin' shot,
The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate,
And a delicate dish he made ;
Then our appetite with the midshipmite
We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
And he much resembled pig ;
Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,
And the delicate question, ' Which
Of us two goes to the kettle ? ' arose,
And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
And the cook he worshipped me ;
But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be
stowed
In the other chap's hold, you see.

" ' I 'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom,
' Yes, that,' says I, ' you 'll be,' —
' I 'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I,
And ' Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear JAMES, to murder me
Were a foolish thing to do,



For don't you
see that
you can't
cook *me*,
While I
can — and
will — cook
you !'

"So, he boils the water, and takes the salt
And the pepper in portions true
(Which he never forgot), and some chopped
shalot,
And some sage and parsley too.

" 'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,
Which his smiling features tell,
'T will soothing be if I let you see
How extremely nice you 'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round and round and round,
And he sniffed at the foaming froth ;
When I ups with his heels, and smothers his
squeals
In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,
And — as I eating be
The last of his chops, why I almost drops,
For a wessel in sight I see.

.

YARN OF THE "NANCY BELL" 67

" And I never larf, and I never smile,
And I never lark nor play,
But I sit and croak, and a single joke
I have — which is to say :

" Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig !"

THE BISHOP OF RUM-TI-FOO

FROM east and south the holy clan
Of bishops gathered, to a man;
To Synod, called Pan-Anglican;
In flocking crowds they came.
Among them was a Bishop, who
Had lately been appointed to
The balmy isle of Rum-ti-Foo,
And Peter was his name.

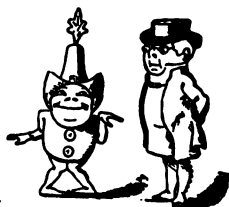
His people — twenty-three in sum —
They played the eloquent tum-tum
And lived on scalps served up in rum —
The only sauce they knew.
When first good BISHOP PETER came
(For PETER was that Bishop's name),
To humor them, he did the same
As they of Rum-ti-Foo.

His flock, I've often heard him tell,
(His name was PETER) loved him well,
And summoned by the sound of bell,
In crowds together came.
"Oh, massa, why you go away?
Oh, MASSA PETER, please to stay."
(They called him PETER, people say,
Because it was his name.)

THE BISHOP OF RUM-TI-FOO 69

He told them all good boys to be,
And sailed away across the sea.
At London Bridge that Bishop he
Arrived one Tuesday night—
And as that night he homeward strode
To his Pan-Anglican abode,
He passed along the Borough Road
And saw a gruesome sight.

He saw a crowd assembled round
A person dancing on the ground,
Who straight began to
leap and bound
With all his might
and main.
To see that dancing
man he
stopped,
Who twirled and
wiggled, skipped
and hopped,
Then down incontinently dropped,
And then sprang up again.



The Bishop chuckled at the sight,
“This style of dancing would delight
A simple Rum-ti-Foozle-ite.
I’ll learn it, if I can,
To please the tribe when I get back.”
He begged the man to teach his knack.
“Right Reverend Sir, in half a crack,”
Replied that dancing man.

The dancing man he worked away
And taught the Bishop every day —
The dancer skipped like any fay —
 Good PETER did the same.
The Bishop buckled to his task
With *battements*, cuts, and *pas de basque*
(I'll tell you, if you care to ask,
 That PETER was his name).

"Come, walk like this," the dancer said,
"Stick out your toes — stick in your head,
Stalk on with quick, galvanic tread —
 Your fingers thus extend;



The attitude 's considered quaint."
The weary Bishop, feeling faint,
Replied, "I do not say it ain't,
 But 'Time!' my Christian friend!"

"We now proceed to something new —
Dance as the PAYNES and LAURIS do,
Like this — one, two — one, two — one, two.
 The Bishop, never proud,

THE BISHOP OF RUM-TI-FOO 71

But in an overwhelming heat
(His name was PETER, I repeat)
Performed the

PAYNE and
LAURI feat,
And puffed
his thanks
aloud.



Another game the
dancer planned —
“Just take your ankle in your hand,
And try, my lord, if you can stand —
Your body stiff and stark.
If, when revisiting your see,
You learnt to hop on shore — like me —
The novelty must striking be,
And must excite remark.”

“No,” said the worthy Bishop, “no;
That is a length to which, I trow,
Colonial Bishops cannot go.

You may express surprise
At finding Bishops deal in pride —

But, if that
trick I
ever tried,

I should
appear
undignified
In Rum-ti-Foozle’s
eyes.



" The islanders of Rum-ti-Foo
Are well-conducted persons, who
Approve a joke as much as you,
 And laugh at it as such ;
But if they saw their Bishop land,
His leg supported in his hand,
The joke they would n't understand —
 'T would pain them very much ! "

THE PRECOCIOUS BABY

A Very True Tale

(To be sung to the Air of the "Whistling Oyster.")

AN elderly person — a prophet by trade —
 With his quips and tips
 On withered old lips,
 He married a young and a beautiful maid :
 The cunning old blade
 Though rather decayed,
 He married a beautiful, beautiful maid.

She was only eighteen, and as fair as could be,
 With her tempting smiles
 And maidenly wiles,
 And he was a trifle of seventy-three :
 Now what she could see
 Is a puzzle to me,
 In a buffer of seventy — seventy-three !

Of all their acquaintances bidden (or bad)
 With their loud high jinks
 And underbred winks
 None thought they 'd a family have — but they
 had ;
 A dear little lad
 Who drove 'em half mad,
 For he turned out a horribly fast little cad.

For when he was born he astonished all by,
 With their "Law, dear me!"

"Did ever you see?"

He'd a weed in his mouth and a glass in his
 eye,

A hat all awry —

An octagon tie,

And a miniature — miniature glass in his eye.

He grumbled at wearing a frock and a cap,

With his "Oh, dear, oh!"

And his "Hang it! you know!"

And he turned up his nose at his excellent pap —

"My friends, it's a pap

That is not worth a rap."

(Now this was remarkably excellent pap.)

He'd chuck his nurse under the chin, and he'd
 say,

With his "Fal,
 lal, lal" —

"You doosed
 fine gal!"

This shocking
 precocity drove
 'em away:

"A month
 from to-day

Is as long as

I'll stay —

Then I'd wish, if you please, for to hook it
 away."



His father, a simple old gentleman, he
 With nursery rhyme
 And "Once on a time,"
 Would tell him the story of "Little Bo P,"
 "So pretty was she,
 So pretty and wee,
 As pretty, as pretty, as pretty could be."

But the babe, with a dig that would startle an ox,
 With his "C'ck !

Oh, my ! —

Go along wiz
 'oo, fie !"

Would exclaim, "I'm
 affaid 'oo a

socking ole
 fox."

Now a father
 it shocks,
 And it whitens
 his locks

When his little babe calls him a shocking old
 fox.



The name of his father he'd couple and pair
 (With his ill-bred laugh
 And insolent chaff)

With those of the nursery heroines rare,
 Virginia the fair,
 Or Good Goldenhair,

Till the nuisance was more than a prophet could
 bear.

"There's Jill and White Cat" (said the little
bold brat,

With his loud "Ha, ha!")

"'Oo sly ickle pa!

Wiz 'oo Beauty, Bo Peep, and 'oo Mrs. Jack
Sprat!

I've noticed 'oo pat

My pretty White Cat —

I sink dear mamma ought to know about dat!"

He early determined to marry and wive,

For better or worse,

With his elderly nurse —

Which the poor little

boy did n't live

to contrive ;

His health did n't

thrive —

No longer alive,

He died an enfeebled old dotard at five!



MORAL.

Now elderly men of the bachelor crew,

With wrinkled hose

And spectacled nose,

Don't marry at all — you may take it as true

If ever you do

The step you will rue,

For your babes will be elderly — elderly too.



TO PHŒBE

“GENTLE, modest little flower,
 Sweet epitome of May,
 Love me but for half-an-hour,
 Love me, love me, little fay.”
 Sentences so fiercely flaming
 In your tiny shell-like ear,
 I should always be exclaiming
 If I loved you, PHŒBE dear !

“Smiles that thrill from any distance
 Shed upon me while I sing !
 Please ecstaticize existence,
 Love me, oh, thou fairy thing !
 Words like these, outpouring sadly,
 You ’d perpetually hear,
 If I loved you, fondly, madly ; —
 But I do not, PHŒBE dear !



BAINES CAREW, GENTLEMAN

OF all the good attorneys who
Have placed their names upon the roll,
But few could equal BAINES CAREW
For tenderheartedness and soul.

Whene'er he heard a tale of woe
From client A or client B,
His grief would overcome him so
He'd scarce have strength to take his fee.

It laid him up for many days,
When duty led him to distrain,
And serving writs, although it pays,
Gave him excruciating pain.

He made out costs, distrained for rent,
Foreclosed and sued, with moistened eye —
No bill of costs could represent
The value of such sympathy.

No charges can approximate
The worth of sympathy with woe ; —
Although I think I ought to state
He did his best to make them so.

Of all the many clients who
Had mustered round his legal flag,
No single client of the crew
Was half so dear as CAPTAIN BAGG.

Now CAPTAIN BAGG had bowed him to
A heavy matrimonial yoke —
His wifey had of faults a few —
She never could resist a joke.

Her chaff at first he meekly bore,
Till unendurable it grew.
“ To stop this persecution sore
I will consult my friend CAREW.

“ And when CAREW’s advice I ’ve got,
Divorce *a mensâ* I shall try ”
(A legal separation — not
A vinculo conjugii).

“ Oh, BAINES CAREW,
my woe I ’ve kept
A secret, hitherto,
you know ; ” —
(And BAINES CAREW,
ESQUIRE, he wept
To hear that BAGG
had any woe.)



"My case, indeed, is passing sad,
My wife — whom I considered true —
With brutal conduct drives me mad."

"I am appalled," said BAINES CAREW.

"What ! sound the matrimonial knell
Of worthy people such as these !
Why was I an attorney ? Well —
Go on to the *sævitia*, please."

"Domestic bliss has proved my bane,
A harder case you never heard,
My wife (in other matters sane)
Pretends that I 'm a Dicky bird !

"She makes me sing, 'Too whit, too wee !'
And stand upon a rounded stick,
And always introduces me
To every one as 'Pretty Dick' !"



"Oh, dear,"

said weeping

BAINES

CAREW,

"This is the

direst case

I know" —

"I 'm grieved,"

said BAGG,

"at painig

you —

To COBB and POLTERTHWAITE I'll go —

“To COBB’s cold calculating ear
 My gruesome sorrows I’ll impart” —
 “No ; stop,” said BAINES, “I’ll dry my tear,
 And steel my sympathetic heart !”

“She makes me perch upon a tree,
 Rewarding me with, ‘Sweety — nice !’
 And threatens to exhibit me
 With four or five performing mice.”

“Restrain my tears I wish I could.”
 (Said BAINES,) “I don’t know what to do” —
 Said CAPTAIN BAGG, “You’re very good.”
 “Oh, not at all,” said BAINES CAREW.

“She makes me fire a gun,” said BAGG ;
 “And at a preconcerted word,
 Climb up a ladder with a flag,
 Like any street-performing bird.

“She places sugar in my way —
 In public places calls me ‘Sweet !’
 She gives me groundsel every day,
 And hard canary seed to eat.”

“Oh, woe ! oh, sad ! oh,
 dire to tell !”

(Said BAINES,)
 “Be good enough
 to stop.”



And senseless on the floor he fell,
 With unpremeditated flop.

Said CAPTAIN BAGG, " Well, really I
Am grieved to think it pains you so.
I thank you for your sympathy ;
But, hang it — come — I say, you know ! "

But BAINES lay flat upon the floor,
Convulsed with sympathetic sob —
The Captain toddled off next door,
And gave the case to MR. COBB.

THOMAS WINTERBOTTOM HANCE

IN all the towns and cities fair
On Merry England's broad expanse,
No swordsman ever could compare
With THOMAS WINTERBOTTOM HANCE.

The dauntless lad
could fairly
hew
A silken handkerchief
in twain,
Divide a leg
of mutton
too —
And this without
unwholesome
strain.



On whole half-sheep, with cunning trick,
His sabre sometimes he 'd employ —
No bar of lead, however thick,
Had terrors for the stalwart boy.

At Dover daily he 'd prepare
To hew and slash, behind, before —
Which aggravated MONSIEUR PIERRE,
Who watched him from the Calais shore.

It caused good PIERRE to swear and dance,
 The sight annoyed
 and vexed him so ;



He was the He said so,
 bravest and he
 man in ought to
 France — know.

“ Regardez,
 donc, ce cochon
 gros —
 Ce polisson ! Oh,
 sacré bleu !

Son sabre, son plomb, et ses gigots !
 Comme cela m'ennuye, enfin, mon Dieu!

“ Il sait que les foulards de soie
 Give no retaliating whack —
 Les gigots morts n'ont pas de quoi —
 Le plomb don't ever hit you back.”

But every day the headstrong lad
 Cut lead and mutton more and more ;
 And every day, poor PIERRE, half mad,
 Shrieked loud defiance from his shore.

HANCE had a mother, poor and old,
 A simple, harmless, village dame,
 Who crowed and clapped as people told
 Of WINTERBOTTOM's rising fame.

She said, "I'll be upon the spot
To see my TOMMY's sabre-play ;"
And so she left her leafy cot,
And walked to Dover in a day.

PIERRE had a doting mother, who
Had heard of his defiant rage :
His ma was nearly ninety-two,
And rather dressy for her age.

At HANCE's doings every morn,
With sheer delight *his* mother cried ;
And MONSIEUR PIERRE's contemptuous scorn
Filled *his* mamma with proper pride.

But HANCE's powers began to fail —
His constitution was not strong —
And PIERRE, who once was stout and hale,
Grew thin from shouting all day long.

Their mothers saw them pale and wan,
Maternal anguish
tore each breast,
And so they met to
find a plan
To set their offsprings'
minds at rest.



Said MRS. HANCE, "Of course I shrinks
From bloodshed, ma'am, as you're aware,
But still they'd better meet, I thinks."
"Assurément !" said MADAME PIERRE.

A sunny spot in sunny France
 Was hit upon for this affair ;
 The ground was picked by MRS. HANCE,
 The stakes were pitched by MADAME PIERRE.

Said MRS. H., " Your work you see —
 Go in, my noble boy, and win."
 " En garde, mon fils ! " said MADAME P.
 " Allons ! " " Go on ! " " En garde ! "
 " Begin ! "



(The mothers were
 of decent size,
 Though not
 particularly tall ;
 But in the
 sketch that meets
 your eyes
 I've been obliged
 to draw them
 small.)

Loud sneered the doughty man of France,
 " Ho ! ho ! Ho ! ho ! Ha ! ha ! Ha ! ha ! "
 " The French for ' Pish ! ' " said THOMAS HANCE.
 Said PIERRE, " L'Anglais, Monsieur, pour
 ' Bah. ' "

Said MRS. H., " Come, one ! two ! three ! —
 We're sittin' here to see all fair ; "
 " C'est Magnifique ! " said MADAME P.,
 " Mais, parbleu ! ce n'est pas la guerre ! "

“Je scorn un foe si lache que vous !”

Said PIERRE, the doughty son of France.

“I fight not coward foe, like you !”

Said our undaunted TOMMY HANCE.

“The French for ‘Pooh !’” our TOMMY cried.

“L’Anglais pour ‘Va,’” the Frenchman
crowed.

And so with undiminished pride

Each went on his respective road.

THE REVEREND MICAH SOWLS

THE REVEREND MICAH SOWLS,
He shouts, and yells, and howls,
He screams, he mouths, he bumps,
He foams, he rants, he thumps.

His armor he has buckled on to wage
The regulation war against the Stage ;
And warns his congregation all to shun
"The Presence Chamber of the Evil One."

The subject 's sad enough
To make him rant and puff,
And fortunately, too,
His Bishop 's in a pew.

So REVEREND MICAH claps on extra steam,
His eyes are flashing with superior gleam,
He is as energetic as can be,

For there are
fatter livings in
that see.



The Bishop, when it 's o'er,
Goes through the vestry door
Where MICAH, very red,
Is mopping of his head.

THE REVEREND MICAH SOWLS 89

“Pardon, my Lord, your Sowls’ excessive zeal,
It is a theme on which I strongly feel.”

(The sermon somebody had sent him down
From London, at a charge of half-a-crown.)

The Bishop bowed his head
And acquiescing, said,
“I’ve heard your well-meant rage
Against the Modern Stage.

“A modern Theatre, as I heard you say,
Sows seeds of evil broadcast : well, it may —
But let me ask you, my respected son,
Pray, have you ever
ventured into one ?”

“My Lord,” said
MICAH, “No !
I never, never go !
What ! Go and
see a play ?

My goodness gracious, nay !”



The worthy Bishop said, “My friend, no doubt
The stage may be the place you make it out ;
But if, my REVEREND SOWLS, you never go,
I don’t quite understand how you’re to know.”

“Well, really,” MICAH said,
“I’ve often heard and read,
But never go — do you ?”
The Bishop said, “I do.”

"That proves me wrong," said MICAH, in a
trice ;

"I thought it all frivolity and vice."

The Bishop handed him a counter plain ;

"Just take this stall and go to Drury Lane."

The Bishop took his leave,

Rejoicing in his sleeve.

The next ensuing day

SOWLS went and heard a play.

He saw a dreary person on the stage,

Who

Who

mouthed

growled

and

and

mugged

spluttered

in simulated

in a mode

rage —

absurd,

And spoke an

English SOWLS

had never

heard.



For "gaunt" wast spoken "garnt,"

And "haunt" transformed to "harnt,"

And "wrath" pronounced as "rath,"

And "death" was changed to "dath."

For hours and hours that dismal actor walked
And talked, and talked, and talked, and talked,
Till lethargy upon the parson crept,
And sleepy MICAH SOWLS serenely slept.

THE REVEREND MICAH SOWLS 91

He slept away until
The farce that closed the bill
Had warned him not
to stay,
And then he went
away.



“ I thought,” said he, “ *I*
was a dreary thing,
I thought *my* voice quite destitute of ring,
I thought *my* ranting could distract the brain,
But oh ! I had n’t been to Drury Lane.

“ Forgive me, Drury Lane,
Thou penitential fane,
Where sinners should be cast
To mourn their wicked past ! ”

A DISCONTENTED SUGAR BROKER

A GENTLEMAN of City fame
Now claims your kind attention ;
East India broking was his game,
His name I shall not mention :
No one of finely pointed sense
Would violate a confidence,
And shall *I* go
And do it? No !
His name I shall not mention.

He had a trusty wife and true,
And very cozy quarters,
A manager, a boy or two,
Six clerks, and seven porters.
A broker must be doing well
(As any lunatic can tell)
Who can employ
An active boy,
Six clerks and seven porters.

His knocker advertised no dun,
No losses made him sulky,
He had one sorrow — only one —
He was extremely bulky.

DISCONTENTED SUGAR BROKER 93

A man must be, I beg to state,
Exceptionally fortunate
Who owns his chief
And only grief
Is — being very bulky.

“This load,” he ’d say, “I cannot bear,
I’m nineteen stone or twenty !
Henceforward I’ll go in for air
And exercise in plenty.”
Most people think that, should it come,
They can reduce a bulging tum
To measures fair
By taking air
And exercise in plenty.

In every weather, every day,
Dry, muddy, wet, or gritty,
He took to
dancing all
the way
From Brompton
to the
City.
You do not
often get the
chance
Of seeing sugar-
brokers dance,
From their abode
In Fulham Road
Through Brompton to the City.



He braved the gay and guileless laugh
 Of children with their nusses,
 The loud uneducated chaff
 Of clerks on omnibuses.
 Against all minor things that rack
 A nicely balanced mind, I'll back
 The noisy laugh
 And ill-bred laugh
 Of clerks on omnibuses.

His friends, who heard his money chink,
 And saw the house he rented,
 And knew his



wife, could
 never think
 What made
 him
 discontented.
 It never entered
 their pure
 minds

That fads are of eccentric kinds,
 Nor would they own
 That fat alone
 Could make one discontented.

“Your riches know no kind of pause,
 Your trade is fast advancing,
 You dance — but not for joy, because
 You weep as you are dancing.
 To dance implies that man is glad,
 To weep implies that man is sad.

DISCONTENTED SUGAR BROKER 95

But here are you
Who do the two —
You weep as you are dancing !”

His mania soon got noised about
And into all the papers —
His size increased beyond a doubt
For all his reckless capers :
It may seem singular to you,
But all his friends admit it true —
The more he found
His figure round,
The more he cut his capers.

His bulk increased — no matter that —
He tried the more to toss it —
He never spoke of it as “ fat ”
But “ adipose deposit.”
Upon my word, it seems to me
Unpardonable vanity
(And worse than that)
To call your fat
An “ adipose deposit.”

At length his brawny knees gave way,
And on the
carpet
sinking,
Upon his
shapeless back
he lay
And kicked away like winking.



Instead of seeing in his state
 The finger of unswerving Fate,
 He labored still
 To work his will,
 And kicked away like winking.

His friends, disgusted with him now,
 Away in silence wended —
 I hardly like to tell you how
 This dreadful story ended.



The shocking sequel to impart,
 I must employ the limner's art —
 If you would know,
 This sketch will show
 How his exertions ended.

MORAL.

I hate to preach — I hate to prate —
 I 'm no fanatic croaker,
 But learn contentment from the fate
 Of this East India broker.
 He 'd everything a man of taste
 Could ever want, except a waist:
 And discontent
 His size anent,
 And bootless perseverance blind,
 Completely wrecked the peace of mind
 Of this East India broker.



THE PANTOMIME “SUPER” TO HIS MASK

VAST empty shell !
Impertinent, preposterous abortion
With vacant stare,
And ragged hair,
And every feature out of all proportion !
Embodiment of echoing inanity !
Excellent type of simpering insanity !
Unwieldy, clumsy nightmare of humanity !
I ring thy knell !

To-night thou diest,
Beast that destroy'st my heaven-born identity !
Nine weeks of nights,
Before the lights,
Swamped in thine own preposterous nonentity,
I've been ill-treated, cursed, and thrashed
diurnally,
Credited for the smile you wear externally —
I feel disposed to smash thy face, infernally,
As there thou liest !

I've been thy brain :
I've been the brain that lit thy dull concavity !
The human race
Invest *my* face
With thine expression of unchecked depravity,
Invested with a ghastly reciprocity,
I've been responsible for thy monstrosity,
I, for thy wanton, blundering ferocity —
But not again !

'T is time to toll
Thy knell, and that of follies pantomimical
A nine weeks' run,
And thou hast done
All thou canst do to make thyself inimical.
Adieu, embodiment of all inanity !
Excellent type of simpering insanity !
Unwieldy, clumsy nightmare of humanity !
Freed is thy soul !

(*The Mask respondeth.*)

Oh ! master mine,
Look thou within thee, ere again ill-using me.
Art thou aware
Of nothing there
Which might abuse thee, as thou art abusing me ?
A brain that mourns *thine* unredeemed rascality ?
A soul that weeps at *thy* threadbare morality ?
Both grieving that *their* individuality
Is merged in thine ?

THE FORCE OF ARGUMENT

LORD B. was a nobleman bold,
Who came of illustrious stocks,
He was thirty or forty years old,
And several feet in his socks.

To Turniptopville-by-the-Sea
This elegant nobleman went,
For that was a borough that he
Was anxious to rep-per-re-sent.

At local assemblies he danced
Until he felt thoroughly ill —
He waltzed, and he galloped, and lanced,
And threaded the mazy quadrille.

The maidens of Turniptopville
Were simple — ingenuous — pure —
And they all worked away with a will
The nobleman's heart to secure.

Two maidens all others beyond
Imagined their chances looked well —
The one was the lively ANN POND,
The other sad MARY MORELL.

100 THE "BAB" BALLADS

ANN POND had determined to try
And carry the Earl with a rush,
Her principal
feature was eye,
Her greatest
accomplishment —
gush.



And MARY chose
this for her
play,
Whenever he
looked in
her eye,

She 'd blush and turn quickly away,
And flitter and flutter and sigh.

It was noticed he constantly sighed
As she worked out the scheme she had
planned —
A fact he endeavored to hide
With his aristocratical hand.

Old POND was a farmer, they say,
And so was old TOMMY MORELL.
In a humble and pottering way
They were doing exceedingly well.

They both of them carried by vote,
The Earl was a dangerous man,
So nervously clearing his throat,
One morning old TOMMY began :

“ My darter ’s no pratty young doll —
 I ’m a plain-spoken Zommerzet man —
 Now what do ’ee
 mean by my
 POLL,
 And what
 do ’ee
 mean by
 his
 ANN ? ”



Said B., “ I
 will give
 you my bond
 I mean them uncommonly well,
 Believe me, my excellent POND,
 And credit me, worthy MORELL.

“ It ’s quite indisputable, for
 I ’ll prove it with singular ease,
 You shall have it in ‘ Barbara ’ or
 ‘ Celarent ’ — whichever you please.

“ You see, when an anchorite bows
 To the yoke of intentional sin —
 If the state of the country allows,
 Homogeny always steps in —

“ It ’s a highly æsthetical bond,
 As any mere ploughboy can tell ——— ”
 “ Of course,” replied puzzled old POND.
 “ I see,” said old TOMMY MORELL.

"Very good then," continued the lord,
 "When it's fooled to the top of its bent,
 With a sweep of a Damocles sword
 The web of intention is rent.

"That's patent to all of of us here,
 As any mere schoolboy can tell."
 POND answered, "Of course it's quite clear;"
 And so did that humbug MORELL.

"Its tone's esoteric in force —
 I trust that I make myself clear?" —
 MORELL only answered, "Of course," —
 While POND slowly muttered, "Hear, hear."

"Volition — celestial prize,
 Pellucid as porphyry cell —
 Is based on a principle wise."
 "Quite so," exclaimed POND and MORELL.

"From what I have said, you will see
 That I could n't wed either — in fine,
 By nature's unchanging degree
Your daughters could never be *mine*.

"Go home to your pigs and your ricks,
 My hands of the matter I've rinsed."
 So they take up their hats and their sticks,
 And *exeunt ambo*, convinced.



*The GHOST, the GALLANT, the
GAEL, & the GOBLIN*

O'ER unreclaimed suburban clays
Some years ago were hobblin'
An elderly ghost of easy ways,
And an influential goblin.
The ghost was a sombre spectral shape,
A fine old five-act foggy,
The goblin imp, a lithe young ape,
A fine low-comedy boggy.

And as they exercised their joints,
Promoting quick digestion,
They talked on

several curious
points,

And raised
this delicate
question :

“ Which of us
two is Number
One —

The ghostie, or the
goblin ? ”

And o'er the point they raised in fun
They fairly fell a-squabblin'.



They 'd barely speak, and each, in fine,
Grew more and more reflective,
Each thought his own particular line
By chalks the more effective.
At length they settled some one should
By each of them be haunted,
And so arrange that either could
Exert his prowess vaunted.

"The Quaint against the Statuesque" —
By competition lawful —
The goblin backed the Quaint Grotesque,
The ghost the Grandly Awful.
"Now," said the goblin, "here's my
plan —
In attitude commanding,
I see a stalwart Englishman
By yonder tailor's standing.

"The very fittest man on earth
My influence to try on —
Of gentle, p'r'aps of noble birth,
And dauntless as a lion !
Now wrap yourself within your shroud —
Remain in easy hearing —
Observe — you'll hear him scream aloud
When I begin appearing !"

The imp with yell unearthly — wild —
Threw off his dark enclosure :
His dauntless victim looked and smiled
With singular composure.

THE GHOST, GALLANT, ETC. 105

For hours he tried to daunt the youth,
For days, indeed, but vainly —
The stripling
 smiled ! — to
 tell the truth,
The stripling
 smiled inanely.



For weeks That
 the goblin, noble
 weird and stripling
 wild, haunted ;
For weeks the stripling stood and smiled
 Unmoved and all undaunted.
The sombre ghost exclaimed, “ Your plan
 Has failed you, goblin, plainly :
Now watch yon hardy Hieland man,
 So stalwart and ungainly.”

“ These are the men who chase the roe,
 Whose footsteps never falter,
Who bring with them, where'er they go,
 A smack of old SIR WALTER.
Of such as he, the men sublime
 Who lead their troops victorious,
Whose deeds go down to after-time
 Enshrined in annals glorious !

“ Of such as he the bard has said
 ‘ Hech thrawfu’ raltie rorkie !
Wi’ thecht ta’ croonie clapperhead
 And fash’ wi’ unco pawkie !’

He 'll faint away when I appear
 Upon his native heather ;
 Or p'r'aps he 'll only scream with fear,
 Or p'r'aps the two together."

The spectre showed himself, alone,
 To do his ghostly battling,



With curdling
 groan and dismal
 moan

And	But no — the
lots of	chiel's stout
chains	Gaelic
a-rattling !	stuff

Withstood all
 ghostly harrying,
 His fingers closed upon the snu
 Which upwards he was carrying.

For days that ghost declined to stir,
 A foggy, shapeless giant —
 For weeks that splendid officer
 Stared back again defiant !
 Just as the Englishman returned
 The goblin's vulgar staring, -
 Just so the Scotchman boldly spurned
 The ghost's unmannered scaring.

For several years the ghostly twain
 These Britons bold have haunted,
 But all their efforts are in vain,
 Their victims stand undaunted.

This very day the imp, and ghost,
Whose powers the imp derided,
Stand each at his allotted post —
The bet is undecided.

THE PHANTOM CURATE

A Fable

A BISHOP once — I will not name his
see —

Annoyed his clergy in the mode conventional ;
From pulpit-shackles never set them free,

And found a sin where sin was unintentional.
All pleasures ended in abuse auricular —
The Bishop was so terribly particular.

Though on the whole a wise and upright man,
He sought to make of human pleasures clear-
ances ;

And form his priests on that much-lauded plan
Which pays undue attention to appearances.
He could n't do good deeds without a psalm
in 'em,

Although, in truth, he bore away the palm in
'em.

Enraged to find a deacon at a dance,
Or catch a curate at some mild frivolity,
He sought by open censure to enhance
Their dread of joining harmless social jollity.
Yet he enjoyed (a fact of notoriety)
The ordinary pleasures of society.

One evening, sitting at a pantomime,
 (Forbidden treat to those who stood in fear
 of him),
Roaring at jokes, *sans* metre, sense, or rhyme,
 He turned and saw immediately in rear of him,
His peace of mind upsetting, and annoying it,
A curate, also heartily enjoying it.

Again, 't was Christmas Eve, and to enhance
 His children's pleasure in their harmless rol-
 licking,
He, like a good old fellow, stood to dance,
 When something checked the current of his
 frolicking ;
That curate, with a maid he treated lover-ly,
Stood up and figured with him in the "Cover-
 ley ! "

Once, yielding to an universal choice
 (The company's demand was an emphatic one,
For the old Bishop had a glorious voice),
 In a quartet he joined — an operatic one.
Harmless enough, though ne'er a word of grace
 in it,
When, lo ! that curate came and took the bass
 in it !

One day, when passing through a quiet street,
 He stopped awhile and joined a Punch's gather-
 ing ;
And chuckled more than solemn folk think meet,
 To see that gentleman his Judy lathering ;

110 THE "BAB" BALLADS

And heard, as Punch was being treated penally,
That phantom-curate laughing all hyænally.

Now at a picnic, 'mid fair golden curls,
Bright eyes, straw hats, *bottines* that fit amazingly :
A *croquet-bout* is planned by all the girls ;
And he, consenting, speaks of *croquet* praisingly.



But suddenly declines to play at all in it —
The curate-fiend has come to take a ball in it !

Next, when at quiet seaside village, freed
From cares episcopal and ties monarchical,
He grows his beard, and smokes his fragrant
weed,

In manner anything but hierarchical —
He sees — and fixes an unearthly stare on it —
That curate's face, with half a yard of hair on it !

THE PHANTOM CURATE 111

At length he gave a charge, and spake this word,
“ Vicars, your curates to enjoyment urge ye
may ;
To check their harmless pleasuring ’s absurd ;
What laymen do without reproach, my clergy
may.”
He spake, and lo! at this concluding word of him,
The curate vanished — no one since has heard
of him.



THE SENSATION CAPTAIN

NO nobler captain ever trod
 Than CAPTAIN PARKLEBURY TODD,
 So good — so wise — so brave, he !
 But still, as all his friends would own,
 He had one folly — one alone —
 This captain in the Navy.

I do not think I ever knew
 A man so wholly given to
 Creating a sensation :
 Or p'r'aps I should in justice say —
 To what in an Adelphi play
 Is known as " Situation."

He passed his time designing traps
 To flurry unsuspecting chaps —
 The taste was his innately —
 He could n't walk into a room
 Without ejaculating " Boom !"
 Which startled ladies greatly.

He 'd wear a mask and muffling cloak,
 Not, you will understand, in joke,

THE SENSATION CAPTAIN 113

As some assume disguises.
He did it, actuated by
A simple love of mystery
And fondness for surprises.

I need not say he loved a maid —
His eloquence threw into shade
All others who adored her :
The maid, though pleased at first, I know,
Found, after several years or so,
Her startling lover bored her.

So, when his
orders came
to sail,
She did not faint
or scream
or wail,
Or with her
tears anoint
him,



She shook his hand,
and said “good-bye,”
With laughter dancing in her eye —
Which seemed to disappoint him.

But ere he went aboard his boat
He placed around her little throat
A ribbon, blue and yellow,
On which he hung a double tooth —
A simple token this, in sooth —
'T was all he had, poor fellow !



“I often wonder,” he would say,
When very, very far away,
“If ANGELINA wears it !
A plan has entered in my head,
I will pretend that I am dead,
And see how ANGY bears it !”

The news he made a messmate tell :
His ANGELINA bore it well,
No sign gave she of crazing ;
But, steady as the Inchcape rock
His ANGELINA stood the shock
With fortitude amazing.

She said, “Some one I must elect
Poor ANGELINA to protect
From all who wish to harm her.
Since worthy CAPTAIN TODD is dead
I rather feel inclined to wed
A comfortable farmer.”

A comfortable farmer came
(BASSANIO TYLER was his name)

Who had He said,
no " My
end of noble gal,
treasure : be mine! "

The noble gal did
not decline,
But simply
said, " With
pleasure. "



When this was told to CAPTAIN TODD,
At first he thought it rather odd,
And felt some perturbation,
But very long he did not grieve,
He thought he could a way perceive
To *such* a situation!

" I 'll not reveal myself, " said he,
" Till they are both in the Eccle-
siastical Arena ;
Then suddenly I will appear,
And paralyzing them with fear,
Demand my ANGELINA ! "

At length arrived the wedding day —
Accoutred in the usual way
Appeared the bridal body —
The worthy clergyman began,
When in the gallant captain ran
And cried, " Behold your TODDY ! "

116 THE "BAB" BALLADS

The bridegroom, p'r'aps, was terrified,
And also possibly the bride —

The bridesmaids *were* affrighted :
But ANGELINA, noble soul,
Contrived her feelings to control,
And really seemed delighted.

"My bride !" said gallant CAPTAIN TODD,
"She's mine, uninteresting clod,
My own, my darling charmer !"



"Oh, dear," said she, "you're just too late,
I'm married to, I beg to state,
This comfortable farmer !"

"Indeed," the farmer said, "she's mine,
You've been and cut it far too fine !"

"I see," said TODD, "I'm beaten."
And so he went to sea once more,
"Sensation," he for aye forswore,
And married on her native shore
A lady whom he'd met before —
A lovely Otaheitan.



TEMPORA MUTANTUR

L ETTERS, letters, letters, letters,
 Some that please and some that bore,
 Some that threaten prison fetters
 (Metaphorically, fetters,
 Such as bind insolvent debtors) —
 Invitations by the score.

One from COGSON, WILES, and RAILER,
 My attorneys, off the Strand,
 One from COPPERBLOCK, my tailor —
 My unreasonable tailor —
 One in FLAGG's disgusting hand.

One from EPHRAIM and MOSES,
 Wanting coin without a doubt,
 I should like to pull their noses —
 Their uncompromising noses ;
 One from ALICE with the roses,
 Ah, I know what that 's about !

Time was when I waited, waited,
For the missives that she wrote.
Humble postmen execrated —
Loudly, deeply execrated —
When I heard I was n't fated
To be gladdened with a note.

Time was when I'd not have bartered
Of her little pen a dip
For a peerage duly gartered —
For a peerage starred and gartered —
With a palace-office chartered —
Or a Secretaryship !

But the time for that is over,
And I wish we'd never met.
I'm afraid I've proved a rover —
I'm afraid a heartless rover —
Quarters in a place like Dover
Tend to make a man forget.

Now I can accord precedence
To my tailor, for I do
Want to know if he gives credence —
An unwarrantable credence —
To my proffered I O U !

Bills for carriages and horses,
Bills for wine and light cigar,
Matters that concern the Forces —
News that may affect the Forces —
News affecting my resources,
Now unquestioned take the *pas*.

And the tiny little paper,
 With the words that seem to run
 From her little fingers taper
 (They are very small and taper),
 By the tailor and the draper
 Are in interest outdone !

And unopened it 's remaining !
 I can read her gentle hope —
 Her entreaties, uncomplaining
 (She was always uncomplaining) —
 Her devotion never waning —
 Through the little envelope !

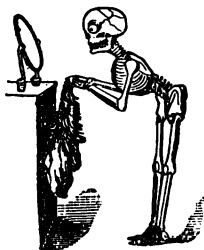
AT A PANTOMIME

By a Bilious One

AN Actor sits in doubtful gloom,
 His stock-in-trade unfurled,
 In a damp funereal dressing-room
 In the Theatre Royal, World.

He comes to town at Christmas time,
 And braves its icy breath,

To play in
 that favorite
 pantomime,
*Harlequin Life
 and Death.*



A hoary flowing
 wig his
 weird
 Unearthly
 cranium caps,

He hangs a long benevolent beard
 On a pair of empty chaps.

To smooth his ghastly features down
 The actor's art he cribs,
 A long and a flowing padded gown
 Bedecks his rattling ribs.

He cries, " Go on — begin, begin,
Turn on the light of lime —
I'm dressed for jolly Old Christmas, in
A favorite pantomime ! "

The curtain 's up — the stage all black —
Time and the year nigh sped —
Time as an advertising quack —
The Old Year nearly dead.

The wand of Time is waved and lo,
Revealed Old Christmas stands,
And little children chuckle and crow,
And laugh and clap their hands.

The cruel	At the
old	death
scoundrel	of the
brightens	Olden
up	Year,

And he waves
a gorgeous
golden cup
And bids the
world good
cheer.



The little ones hail the festive King,
No thought can make them sad,
Their laughter comes with a sounding ring,
They clap and crow like mad !

They only see in the humbug old
A holiday every year,
And handsome gifts and joys untold
And unaccustomed cheer.

The old ones palsied, blear, and hoar,
Their breasts in anguish beat —
They 've seen him seventy times before,
How well they know the cheat !

They 've seen that ghastly pantomime,
They 've felt its blighting breath,
They know that rollicking Christmas time
Meant Cold and Want and Death.

Starvation — Poor Law Union fare —
And deadly cramps and chills,
And illness — illness everywhere,
And crime and Christmas bills.

They know old Christmas well, I ween,
Those men of ripened age,
They 've often, often, often seen
That Actor off the stage.

They see in his gay rotundity
A clumsy stuffed-out dress ;
They see in the cup he waves on high
A tinselled emptiness.

Those aged men so lean and wan,
They 've seen it all before ;
They know they 'll see the charlatan
But twice or three times more.

And so they bear with dance and song,
And crimson foil and green ;
They wearily sit, and grimly long
For the Transformation Scene.



KING BORRIA BUNGALÉE BOO

KING BORRIA BUNGALÉE BOO
Was a man-eating African swell ;
His sigh was a hullabaloo,
His whisper a horrible yell —
A horrible, horrible yell !

Four subjects, and all of them male,
To BORRIA doubled the knee,
They were once on a far larger scale,
But he 'd eaten the balance, you see
(“Scale” and “balance” is punning, you see.)

There was haughty PISH-TUSH-POOH-BAH,
There was lumbering
DIDDLE-DUM-DEH,
Despairing
ALACK-A-DEY-AH,
And good little
TOOTLE-TUM.
TEH —



✓

Exemplary TOOTLE-TUM-TEH.

One day there was grief in the crew,
For they had n't a morsel of meat,
And BORRIA BUNGALÉE BOO
Was dying for something to eat —
“Come, provide me with something to eat !”

“ALACK-A-DEY, famished I feel ;
 Oh, good little TOOTLE-TUM-TEH,
 Where on earth shall I look for a meal ?
 For I have n't no dinner to-day ! —
 Not a morsel of dinner to-day !

“Dear TOOTLE-TUM, what shall we do ?
 Come, get us a meal, or in truth,
 If you don't we shall have to eat you,
 Oh, adorable friend of our youth !
 Thou beloved little friend of our youth ! ”

And he answered, “ Oh BUNGALEE BOO,
 For a moment I hope you will wait, —
 TIPPY-WIPPITY TOL-THE-ROL-LOO
 Is the queen of a neighboring state —
 A remarkably neighboring state.

“TIPPY-WIPPITY TOL-THE-ROL-LOO,
 She would pickle deliciously cold —
 And her four pretty Amazons, too,
 Are enticing, and not very old —
 Twenty-seven is not very old.

“ There is neat little
 TITTY-FOL-LEH,
 There is rollicking
 TRAL-THE-RAL-LAH,
 There is jocular
 WAGGETY-WEH,



There is musical DOH-REH-MI-FAH —
 There 's the nightingale DOH-REH-MI-FAH ! ”

So the forces of BUNGALLOO BOO
 Marched forth in a terrible row,
 And the ladies who fought for QUITEA LOO
 Prepared to encounter the foe —
 This dreadful insatiate foe !

But they sharpened no weapons at all,
 And they poisoned no arrows — not they !
 They made ready to conquer or fall
 In a totally different way —
 An entirely different way.

With a crimson and pearly-white dye
 They endeavored to make themselves fair,
 With black they encircled each eye,
 And with yellow they painted their hair
 (It was wool, but they thought it was hair.)



And the forces
 they met
 in the
 field —
 And the men
 of Kimo
 Bopatoomoo,
 "Amazuloo,"
 immediately
 yield !"
 And their arrows
 they drew
 the bows

Yes, drew them right up to the bows.

But jocular WAGGETY-WEH,
 Ogled DOODLE-DUM-DEH (which was wrong),
 And neat little TITTY-FOL-LEH
 Said, "TOOTLE-TUM, you go along !
 You naughty old dear, go along !"

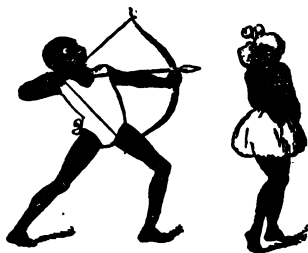
And rollicking TRAL-THE-RAL-LAH
 Tapped ALACK-A-DEY-AH with her fan ;
 And musical DOH-REH-MI-FAH
 Said, " PISH, go away, you bad man !
 Go away, you delightful young man ! "

And the Amazons simpered and sighed,
 And they ogled, and giggled, and flushed,
 And they

opened
 their
 pretty
 eyes
 wide,
 And they
 chuckled,
 and flirted,
 and blushed

(At least,

if they could, they 'd have blushed).



But haughty PISH-TUSH-POOH-BAH
 Said, " ALACK-A-DEY, what does this mean ? "
 And despairing ALACK-A-DEY-AH
 Said, " They think us uncommonly green,
 Ha ! ha ! most uncommonly green ! "

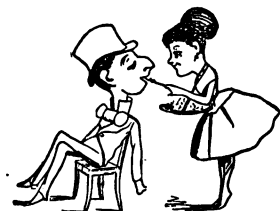
Even blundering DOODLE-DUM-DEH
Was insensible quite to their leers,
And said good little TOOTLE-TUM-TEH,
"It's your blood we desire, pretty dears —
We have come for our dinners, my dears!"

And the Queen of the Amazons fell
To BORRIA BUNGALÉE BOO,
In a mouthful he gulped, with a yell,
TIPPY-WIPPITY TOL-THE-ROL-LOO —
The pretty QUEEN TOL-THE-ROL-LOO.

And neat little TITTY-FOL-LEH
Was eaten by PISH-POOH-BAH,
And light-hearted WAGGETY-WEH
By dismal ALACK-A-DEH-AH —
Despairing ALACK-A-DEH-AH.

And rollicking TRAL-THE-RAL-LAH
Was eaten by DOODLE-DUM-DEH,
And musical DOH-REH-MI-FAH
By good little TOOTLE-TUM-TEH —
Exemplary TOOTLE-TUM-TEH!





THE PERIWINKLE GIRL

I 'VE often thought that headstrong youths,
Of decent education,
Determine all-important truths
With strange precipitation.

The over-ready victims they,
Of logical illusions,
And in a self-assertive way
They jump at strange conclusions.

Now take my case : Ere sorrow could
My ample forehead wrinkle,
I had determined that I would
Not like to be a wrinkle.

“ A wrinkle,” I would oft advance
With readiness provoking,
“ Can seldom flirt, and never dance,
Or soothe his mind by smoking.”

In short, I spurned the shelly joy,
And spoke with strange decision —



Men pointed to
me as a boy
Who held them
in derision.

But I was young —
too young, by
far —

Or I had been more wary,
I knew not then that winkles are
The stock-in-trade of MARY.

I had not seen her sunlight blithe
As o'er their shells it dances,
I've seen those winkles almost writhe
Beneath her beaming glances.

Of slighting all the winkly brood
I surely had been chary,
If I had known they formed the food
And stock-in-trade of MARY.

Both high and low and great and small
Fell prostrate at her tootsies,
They all were noblemen, and all
Had balances at COURTS's.

Dukes with the lovely maiden dealt,
DUKE BAILEY and DUKE HUMPHY,
Who eat her winkles till they felt
Exceedingly uncomfy.



DUKE BAILEY greatest wealth computes,
 And sticks, they say, at no-thing.
 He wears a pair of golden boots
 And silver underclothing.

DUKE HUMPHY, as I understand,
 Though mentally acuter,
 His boots are only silver, and
 His underclothing pewter.

A third	A man
adorer	of
had	lowly
the girl,	station —

A miserable
 grov'ling earl
 Besought her
 approbation.



This humble cad she did refuse
 With much contempt and loathing,
 He wore a pair of leather shoes
 And cambric underclothing !

His sterling worth had worked a cure,
She never heard him grumble ;
She saw his soul was good and pure
Although his rank was humble.

Her views of earldoms and their lot
All underwent expansion ;
Come, Virtue in an earldom's cot !
Go, Vice in ducal mansion !

THOMSON GREEN *and* HARRIET HALE

To be sung to the air of "An 'Orrible Tale"

OH, list to this incredible tale
Of THOMSON GREEN and HARRIET
HALE ;

Its truth in one remark you 'll sum —
"Twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle
twaddle twum !"

Oh, THOMSON GREEN was an auctioneer,
And made three hundred pounds a year ;
And HARRIET HALE, most strange to say,
Gave pianoforte lessons at a sovereign a day.

Oh, THOMSON GREEN, I may remark,
Met HARRIET HALE
in Regent's
Park,
Where he, in
a casual kind
of way,
Spoke of the extraordinary beauty of the day.



They met again, and strange, though true,
He courted her for a month or two,
Then to her pa he said, says he,
"Old man, I love your daughter and your
daughter worships me !"

Their names were regularly banned,
The wedding day was settled, and,
I've ascertained by dint of search,
They were married on the quiet at St. Mary
Abbott's Church.

Oh, list to this incredible tale
Of THOMSON GREEN and HARRIET HALE;
Its truth in one remark you'll sum,
"Twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle
twaddle twum!"

That very self-same afternoon
They started on their honeymoon,
And (oh, astonishment!) took flight
To a pretty little cottage close to Shanklin, Isle
of Wight.

But now—you'll doubt my word, I know—
In a month they both returned, and lo!
Astounding fact! this happy pair
Took a gentlemanly residence in Canonbury
Square!

They led a weird and reckless life,
They dined each day, this man and wife,
(Pray disbelieve it, if you please)
On a joint of meat, a pudding, and a little bit
of cheese.

In time came those maternal joys
Which take the form of girls or boys,

136 THE "BAB" BALLADS

And strange to say of each they 'd one —
A tiddy iddy daughter, and a tiddy iddy son !

Oh, list to this incredible tale
Of THOMSON GREEN and HARRIET HALE ;
Its truth in one remark you 'll sum —
"Twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle
twaddle twum."

My name for truth is gone, I fear,
But, monstrous as it may appear,
They let their drawing-room one day
To an eligible person in the cotton-broking
way.



Whenever THOMSON
GREEN fell sick
His wife
consulted
DOCTOR CRICK,
From whom
some words
like these
would come —

*Fiat mist, sumendum baustus, in a
cochleyareum.*

For thirty years this curious pair
Hung out in Canonbury Square,
And somehow, wonderful to say,
They loved each other dearly in a quiet sort of
way.

Well, THOMSON GREEN fell ill and died ;
For just a year his widow cried,
And then her
heart she
gave away

To the eligible
lodger in the
cotton-broking
way.



Oh, list to this incredible tale
Of THOMSON GREEN and HARRIET HALE ;
Its truth in one remark you 'll sum —
“ Twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle twaddle
twaddle twum ! ”

BOB POLTER

BOB POLTER was a navvy, and
His hands were coarse, and dirty too,
His homely face was rough and tanned,
His time of life was thirty-two.

He lived among a working clan
(A wife he had n't got at all),
A decent, steady, sober man —
No saint, however — not at all.

He smoked, but in a modest way,
Because he thought he needed it ;
He drank a pot of beer a day,
And sometimes he exceeded it.

At times he 'd pass with other men
A loud convivial night or two,
With, very likely, now and then,
On Saturdays, a fight or two.

But still he was a sober soul,
A labor-never-shirking man,
Who paid his way — upon the whole
A decent English workingman.

One day, when at the Nelson's Head,
(For which he may be blamed of you)
A holy man appeared and said,
" Oh, ROBERT, I 'm ashamed of you."

He laid his hand on ROBERT's beer
Before he could drink up any,
And on the
 floor, with
 sigh and tear,
He poured
the pot of
"thruppenny."



"Oh, ROBERT,
at this very
bar,
A truth you 'll
be discovering,
A good and evil genius are
Around your noddle hovering.

"They both are here to bid you shun
The other one's society,
For Total Abstinence is one,
The other, Inebriety."

He waved his hand — a vapor came —
A wizard, POLTER reckoned him :
A boggy rose and called his name,
And with his finger beckoned him.

The monster's salient points to sum,
His heavy breath was portery ;
His glowing nose suggested rum ;
His eyes were gin-and-wortery.

His dress was torn — for dregs of ale
And slops of gin had rusted it ;



His pimpled
face was wan
and pale,
Where filth had
not encrusted it.

“ Come, POLTER,”
said the fiend,
“ begin,
And keep the
bowl a-flowing
on —

A workingman needs pints of gin
To keep his clockwork going on.”

BOB shuddered: “ Ah, you’ve made a
miss,

If you take me for one of you —
You filthy beast, get out of this —

BOB POLTER don’t want none of you.”

The demon gave a
drunken shriek
And crept away
in stealthiness,
And lo, instead,
a person sleek
Who seemed
to burst with
healthiness.



“ In me, as your adviser hints,
Of Abstinence you have got a type —
Of MR. TWEEDIE’s pretty prints
I am the happy prototype.

“ If you abjure the social toast,
And pipes, and such frivolities,
You possibly some day may boast
My prepossessing qualities ! ”

BOB rubbed his eyes, and made ’em blink,
“ You almost make me tremble, you !
If I abjure fermented drink,
Shall I, indeed, resemble you ?

“ And will my whiskers curl so tight ?
My cheeks grow smug and muttoney ?
My face become so red and white ?
My coat so blue and buttony ?

“ Will trousers, such as yours, array
Extremities inferior ?
Will chubbiness assert its sway
All over my exterior ?

“ In this, my unenlightened state,
To work in heavy boots I comes,
Will pumps henceforward decorate
My tiddle toddle tootsicums ?

“ And shall I get so plump and fresh,
 And look no longer seedily ?
 My skin will henceforth fit my flesh
 So tightly and so TWEEDIE-ly ? ”

The phantom said, “ You ’ll have all this,
 You ’ll know no kind of huffiness,
 Your life will be one chubby bliss,
 One long unruffled puffiness ! ”

“ Be off,” said irritated BOB.
 “ Why come you here to bother one ?
 You pharisaical old snob,
 You ’re wuss almost than t’ other one !

“ I takes my pipe — I takes my pot,
 And drunk I ’m never seen to be :
 I ’m no teetotaller or sot,
 And as I am I mean to be ! ”

THE STORY OF PRINCE AGIB

STRIKE the concertina's melancholy string !
Blow the spirit-stirring harp like anything !
Let the piano's martial blast
Rouse the Echoes of the Past,
For of AGIB, PRINCE OF TARTARY, I sing !

Of AGIB, who amid Tartaric scenes
Wrote a lot of ballet-music in his teens :
His gentle spirit rolls
In the melody of souls —
Which is pretty, but I don't know what it means.

Of AGIB, who could readily, at sight,
Strum a march upon the loud Theodolite.
He would diligently play
On the Zoetrope all day,
And blow the gay Pantechnicon all night.

One winter — I am shaky in my dates —
Came two starving Tartar minstrels to his gates,

Oh, ALLAH be
obeyed,
How infernally
they played !

I remember that they
called themselves
the " Oüaits."



144 THE "BAB" BALLADS

Oh ! that day of sorrow, misery, and rage,
I shall carry to the Catacombs of Age,
Photographically lined
On the tablet of my mind,
When a yesterday has faded from its page !

Alas ! PRINCE AGIB went and asked them in !
Gave them beer, and eggs, and sweets, and scent,
and tin.

And when (as snobs would say)
They "put it all away,"
He requested them to tune up and begin.

Though its icy horror chill you to the core,
I will tell you what



I never told
before,
The consequences true
Of that awful interview,
*For I listened at
the keyhole in
the door !*

They played him a sonata — let me see !
" *Medulla oblongata* " — key of G.

Then they began to sing
That extremely lovely thing,
Scherzando ! ma non troppo, ppp."

He gave them money, more than they could
count,
Scent, from a most ingenious little fount,

THE STORY OF PRINCE AGIB 145

More beer, in little kegs,
Many dozen hard-boiled eggs,
And goodies to a fabulous amount.

Now follows the dim horror of my tale,
And I feel I'm growing gradually pale,
For, even at this day,
Though its sting has passed away,
When I venture to remember it, I quail !

The elder of the brothers gave a squeal,
All-overish it made me for to feel !
“ Oh, PRINCE,” he says, says he,
“ *If a Prince indeed you be,*

I've a mystery
I'm going
to reveal !

“ Oh, listen, if
you'd shun a
horrid death,

To what the gent
who's speaking to you, saith :
No ‘ Oüaits ’ in truth are we,
As you fancy that we be,
For (ter-remble !) I am ALECK—this is BETH ! ”

Said AGIB, “ Oh ! accursed of your kind,
I have heard that ye are men of evil mind ! ”

BETH gave a dreadful shriek —
But before he'd time to speak
I was mercilessly collared from behind.



146 THE "BAB" BALLADS

In number ten or twelve, or even more,
They fastened me, full length upon the floor.
 On my face extended flat
 I was walloped with a cat,
For listening at the keyhole of the door.

Oh ! the horror of that agonizing thrill !
(I can feel the place in frosty weather still).
 For a week from ten to four
 I was fastened to the floor,
While a mercenary wopped me with a will !

They branded me, and broke me on a wheel,
And they left me in an hospital to heal ;
 And, upon my solemn word,
 I have never, never heard
What those Tartars had determined to reveal.

But that day of sorrow, misery, and rage,
I shall carry to the Catacombs of Age,
 Photographically lined
 On the tablet of my mind,
When a yesterday has faded from its page !

ELLEN McJONES ABERDEEN

MACPHAIRSON CLONGLOCKETTY
ANGUS McCLAN

Was the son of an elderly laboring man ;
You've guessed him a Scotchman, shrewd reader,
at sight,
And p'r'aps altogether, shrewd reader, you're
right.

From the bonnie blue Forth to the beastly Dee-
side,
Round by Dingwall and Wrath to the mouth of
the Clyde,
There was n't a child or a woman or man
Who could pipe with CLONGLOCKETTY ANGUS
McCLAN.

No other could wake
such detestable groans,
With reed and with
chaunter — with bag
and with drones :
All day and all night
he delighted the chiefs
With sniggering
pibrochs and
jiggety reels.



He'd clamber a mountain and squat on the
ground,
And the neighboring maidens would gather
around

To list to his pipes
and to gaze in
his een,
Especially ELLEN
McJONES
ABERDEEN.



All loved their
McCLAN, save
a Sassenach
brute,
Who came to the
Highlands to fish
and to shoot ;

He dressed himself up in a Highlander way ;
Tho' his name it was PATTISON CORBY TORBAY.

TORBAY had incurred a good deal of expense
To make him a Scotchman in every sense ;
But this is a matter, you 'll readily own,
That is n't a question of tailors alone.

A Sassenach chief may be bonily built,
He may purchase a sporran, a bonnet, and
kilt ;
Stick a skean in his hose — wear an acre of
stripes —
But he cannot assume an affection for pipes.

CLONGLOCKETTY's pipings all night and all day
Quite frenzied poor PATTISON CORBY TORBAY ;
The girls were amused at his singular spleen,
Especially ELLEN McJONES ABERDEEN.

“MACPHAIRSON CLONGLOCKETTY ANGUS, my
lad,
With pibrochs and reels you are driving me
mad.
If you really must play on that cursed affair,
My goodness, play something resembling an
air.”

Boiled over, the blood of MACPHAIRSON Mc-
CLAN —
The Clan of Clonglocketty rose as one man ;
For all were enraged at the insult, I ween —
Especially ELLEN McJONES ABERDEEN.

“Let's show,” said McCLAN, “to this Sasse-
nach loon
That the bagpipes can play him a regular tune.
Let's see,” said McCLAN, as he thoughtfully
sat,
“‘*In my Cottage*’ is easy — I'll practise at
that.”

He blew at his “Cottage,” and blew with a
will,
For a year, seven months, and a fortnight, until
(You'll hardly believe it) McCLAN, I declare,
Elicited something resembling an air.

150 THE "BAB" BALLADS

It was wild—it was fitful—as wild as the breeze—

It wandered about into several keys.

It was jerky, spasmodic and harsh, I'm aware;
But still it distinctly suggested an air.

The Sassenach screamed, and the Sassenach danced;

He shrieked in his agony—bellowed and pranced.

And the maidens who gathered rejoiced at the scene,

Especially ELLEN MCJONES ABERDEEN.

“Hech gather, hech gather, hech
gather around,

And fill a' ye lugs
wi' the exquisite
sound.

An air fra' the
bagpipes—beat
that if ye can!

Hurrah for
CLONGLOCKETTY
ANGUS
McCLAN!”



The fame of his piping spread over the land:

Respectable widows proposed for his hand,
And maidens came flocking to sit on the green—
Especially ELLEN MCJONES ABERDEEN.

One morning the fidgety Sassenach swore

He'd stand it	And (this
no longer —	was, I
he drew	think, in
his	extremely
claymore,	bad taste),

Divided CLONGLOCKETTY
close to the waist.



Oh! loud were the
wailings for ANGUS
McCLAN,

Oh! deep was the grief
for that excellent man —

The maids stood aghast at the horrible scene,
Especially ELLEN McJONES ABERDEEN.

It sorrowed poor PATTISON CORBY TORBAY
To find them “take on” in this serious
way;

He pitied the poor little fluttering birds,
And solaced their souls with the following
words: —

“Oh, maidens,” said PATTISON, touching his
hat,

“Don’t blubber, my dears, for a fellow like
that;

Observe, I’m a very superior man,
A much better fellow than ANGUS McCLAN.”



They smiled when
he winked and
addressed them as
"dears,"

And they all of them
vowed, as they dried
up their tears,

A pleasanter gentleman never was seen —
Especially ELLEN McJONES ABERDEEN.

PETER THE WAG

POLICEMAN PETER FORTH I drag

From his obscure retreat :
 He was a merry, genial wag,
 Who loved a mad conceit.
 If he were asked the time of day
 By country bumpkins green,
 He not unfrequently would say,
 "A quarter past thirteen."

If ever you, by word of mouth,
 Inquired of MISTER FORTH
 The way to somewhere
 in the South,

He	With
always	little
sent	boys
you	his beat
North.	along

He loved to
 stop and play ;
 He loved to send
 old ladies wrong,
 And teach their feet to stray.



He would in frolic moments, when
 Such mischief bent upon,
 Take Bishops up as betting men —
 Bid Ministers move on.

Then all the worthy boys he knew
He regularly licked,
And always collared people who
Had had their pockets picked.

He was not naturally bad,
Or viciously inclined,
But from his early youth he had
A waggish turn of mind.
The Men of London grimly scowled
With indignation wild ;
The Men of London gruffly growled,
But PETER calmly smiled.

Against this minion of this Crown
The swelling murmurs grew —
From Camberwell to Kentish Town,
From Rotherhithe to Kew.
Still humored he his wagsome turn,
And fed in various ways
The coward rage that dared to burn
But did not dare to blaze.

Still, Retribution has her day,
Although her flight is slow ;
*One day that Crusher lost his way
Near Poland Street, Sobo.*
The haughty boy, too proud to ask,
To find his way resolved,
And in the tangle of his task
Got more and more involved.

The Men of London, overjoyed,
 Came there to jeer their foe —
 And flocking crowds completely cloyed
 The mazes of Soho.
 The news, on telegraphic wires,
 Sped swiftly o'er the lea,
 Excursion trains from distant shires
 Brought myriads to see.

For weeks he trod his self-made beats
 Through Newport- Gerrard- Bear-
 Greek- Rupert-
 Frith- Dean-
 Poland-streets

And into
 Golden-square.
 But all, alas, in
 vain, for when
 He tried to learn
 the way

Of little boys or grown-up men,
 They none of them would say.



Their eyes would flash — their teeth would
 grind —

Their lips would tightly curl —
 They 'd say, "Thy way thyself must find,
 Thou misdirecting churl!"

And, similarly, also, when
 He tried a foreign friend;
 Italians answered, "Il balen" —
 The French, "No comprehend."

The Russ would
say, with
gleaming eye,
"Sevastopol!"
and groan.
The Greek said,
"Τύπτω,
τύπτομαι,
Τύπτω, τύπτειν,
τύπτών."



To wander thus for many a year
That Crusher never ceased —
The Men of London dropped a tear,
Their anger was appeased.

At length exploring gangs were sent
To find poor FORTH's remains —
A handsome grant by Parliament
Was voted for their pains.
To seek the poor policeman out
Bold spirits volunteered,
And when at length they solved the doubt,
The Men of London cheered.



And in a yard, dark, dank and drear,
They found him, on the floor —
It leads from Richmond Buildings — near
The Royalty stage-door.
With brandy cold and brandy hot
They plied him starved and wet,
And made him sergeant on the spot —
The Men of London's pet !



BEN ALLAH ACHMET

Or the Fatal Tum

I ONCE did know a Turkish man
 Whom I upon a two-pair-back met ;
 His name it was EFFENDI KHAN
 BACKSHEESH PASHA BEN ALLAH ACHMET.

A DOCTOR BROWN I also knew —
 I've often eaten of his bounty —
 The Turk and he they lived at Hooe,
 In Sussex, that delightful county !

I knew a nice young lady there,
 Her name was ISABELLA SHERSON,
 And though she wore another's hair,
 She was an interesting person.

The Turk adored the maid of Hooe
 (Although his harem would have shocked her);
 But BROWN adored that maiden, too :
 He was a most seductive doctor.

They 'd follow her where'er she 'd go —
A course of action most improper ;
She neither knew by sight, and so
For neither of them cared a copper.

BROWN did not know that Turkish male,
He might have been his sainted mother :
The people in this simple tale
Are total strangers to each other.

One day that Turk he sickened sore,
Which threw him
straight into a
sharp pet ;
He threw himself
upon the floor
And rolled about
upon his — carpet.



It made him moan — it made him groan —
And almost wore him to a mummy :
Why should I hesitate to own
That pain was in his little tummy ?



At length a Doctor
came and rung
(As ALLAH ACHMET
had desired),
Who felt his pulse,
looked up his tongue,
And hummed and
hawed, and then
inquired :

"Where is the pain that long has preyed
Upon you in so sad a way, sir?"
The Turk he giggled, blushed, and said,
"I don't exactly like to say, sir."

"Come, nonsense!" said good DOCTOR BROWN.
"So this is Turkish coyness, is it?
You must contrive to fight it down —
Come, come, sir, please to be explicit."

The Turk he shyly bit his thumb,
And coyly blushed like one half-witted,
"The pain is in my little tum,"
He, whispering, at length admitted.

"Then take you this, and take you that —
Your blood flows sluggish in its channel —
You must get rid of all this fat,
And wear my medicated flannel.

"You 'll send for me, when you 're in need —
My name is BROWN — your life I 've saved
it!"

"My rival!" shrieked the invalid,
And drew a mighty sword and waved it:

"This to thy weazand, Christian pest!"
Aloud the Turk in frenzy yelled it,
And drove right through the Doctor's chest
The sabre and the hand that held it.



The blow was a decisive one,
And DOCTOR BROWN grew deadly pasty —
“Now see the mischief that you ’ve done,—
You Turks are so extremely hasty.

“There are two DOCTOR BROWNS in Hooe,
He’s short and stout — *I’m* tall and wizen ;
You ’ve been and run the wrong one through.
That ’s how the error has arisen.”

The accident was thus explained,
Apologies were only heard now :
“At my mistake I ’m really pained,
I am, indeed, upon my word now.

“With me, sir, you shall be interred,
A Mausoleum grand awaits me ”—
“Oh, pray don’t say another word,
I ’m sure that more than compensates me.

“But p’r’aps, kind Turk, you ’re full inside ?”
“There ’s room,” said he, “for any num-
ber.”

And so they laid them down and died.
In proud Stamboul they sleep their slumber.

THE THREE KINGS OF CHICKERABOO

THERE were three niggers of Chickera-
boo —

PACIFICO, BANG-BANG, POPCHOP — who
Exclaimed, one terribly sultry day,
“ Oh, let 's be kings in a humble way.”



The first was a
highly-accomplished
“ bones,”

The	The third
next	was a
elicited	quiet,
banjo	retiring
tones,	chap,

Who danced an excellent
break-down “ flap.”

“ We niggers,” said they, “ have formed a plan
By which, whenever we like, we can
Extemporize islands near the beach,
And then we 'll collar an island each.

“ Three casks, from somebody else's stores,
Shall rep-per-esent our island shores,
Their sides the ocean wide shall lave,
Their heads just topping the briny wave.

“ Great Britain’s navy scours the sea,
And everywhere her ships they be,
She ’ll recognize our rank, perhaps,
When she discovers we ’re Royal Chaps.

“ If to her skirts you want to cling,
It ’s quite sufficient that you ’re a king ;
She does not push inquiry far
To learn what sort of king you are.”

A ship of several thousand tons,
And mounting seventy-something guns,
Ploughed, every year, the ocean blue,
Discovering kings and countries new.

The brave REAR-ADMIRAL BAILEY PIP,
Commanding that superior ship,
Perceived one day, his glasses through,
The kings that came from Chickeraboo.

“ Dear eyes ! ” said ADMIRAL PIP, “ I see
Three flourishing islands on our lee.
And, bless me ! most extror’nary thing !
On every island stands a king !

“ Come, lower the Admiral’s gig,” he cried,
“ And over the dancing waves I ’ll glide,
That low obeisance I may do
To those three kings of Chickeraboo ! ”

164 THE "BAB" BALLADS

The admiral pulled to the islands three ;
The kings saluted him gracious^{lee}.
The admiral, pleased at his welcome warm,
Pulled out a printed Alliance form.



“ Your Majesty, sign me this, I pray —
I come in a friendly kind of way —
I come, if you please, with the best intents,
And QUEEN VICTORIA's compliments.”

The kings were pleased as they well could be ;
The most retiring of all the three
In a “ cellar-flap ” to his joy gave vent
With a banjo-bones accompaniment.

The great REAR-ADMIRAL BAILEY PIP
Embarked on board his jolly big ship,
Blue Peter flew from his lofty fore,
And off he sailed to his native shore.

ADMIRAL PIP directly went
To the Lord at the head of the Government,
Who made him, by a stroke of a quill,
BARON DE PIPPE, OF PIPPETONNEVILLE.

THE KINGS OF CHICKERABOO 165

The College of Heralds permission yield
That he should quarter upon his shield
Three islands, *vert*, on a field of blue,
With the pregnant motto "Chickeraboo."

Ambassadors, yes, and attachés, too,
Are going to sail for Chickeraboo.



And, see, on the good ship's crowded deck,
A bishop, who's going out there on spec.

And let us all hope that blissful things
May come of alliance with darkey kings.
Oh, may we never, whatever we do,
Declare a war with Chickeraboo !

JOE GOLIGHTLY

Or, the First Lord's Daughter

A TAR, but poorly prized,
Long, shambling and unsightly,
Thrashed, bullied, and despised,
Was wretched JOE GOLIGHTLY.

He bore a workhouse brand,
No pa or ma had claimed him,
The Beadle found him, and
The Board of Guardians named him.

P'r'aps some princess's son —
A beggar p'r'aps his mother !
He rather thought the one,
I rather think the other.

He liked his ship at sea,
He loved the salt sea-water ;
He worshipped junk, and he
Adored the First Lord's daughter.

The First Lord's daughter proud
Snubbed earls and viscounts nightly —
She sneered at barts aloud,
And spurned poor JOE GOLIGHTLY.

Whene'er Upon a
 he Channel
 sailed cruise,
 afar he

Unpacked his
 light guitar
 And sang this
 ballad (Boosey).



BALLAD

*The moon is on the sea,
 Willow!
 The wind blows toward the lee,
 Willow!
 But though I sigh and sob and cry,
 No Lady Jane for me,
 Willow!*

*She says, "'T were folly quite,
 Willow!
 For me to wed a wight,
 Willow!
 Whose lot is cast before the mast ;"
 And possibly she's right,
 Willow!*

His skipper (CAPTAIN JOYCE)
 He gave him many a rating,
 And almost lost his voice
 From thus expostulating :

"Lay out, you blubber, do !
 What's come to that young man, JOE ?
 Belay ! — 'vast
 heaving ! you !
 Do kindly stop
 that banjo !"



"I wish, I do — oh, lor' !
 You 'd shipped
 aboard a trader.

Are you a sailor, or
 A negro serenader ? "

But still the stricken cad,
 Aloft or on his pillow,
 Howled forth in accents sad
 His aggravating "Willow !"

Stern love of duty had
 Been JOYCE's chiefest beauty —
 Says he, "I love that lad,
 But duty, damme ! duty !"

"Twelve years black-hole, I say,
 Where daylight never flashes ;
 And always twice a day
 Five hundred thousand lashes."

But JOSEPH had a mate,
 A sailor stout and lusty,
 A man of low estate,
 But singularly trusty.

Says he, "Cheer hup, young Joe !
I 'll tell you what I 'm arter,
To that Fust Lord I 'll go
And ax him for his darter.

"To that Fust
Lord I 'll go
And say you love
her dearly."
And Joe said
(weeping
low),
"I wish you
would,
sincerely !"



That sailor to that Lord
Went, soon as he had landed,
And of his own accord
An interview demanded.

Says he, with seaman's roll,
"My Captain (wot 's a Tartar),
Guv Joe twelve years' black-hole,
For loving your darter.

"He loves Miss LADY JANE
(I own she is his betters),
But if you 'll jine them twain,
They 'll free him from his fetters.

" And if so be as how
You 'll let her come a-board



ship,
I 'll take her
with me
now, " —
" Get out ! " —
remarked his
Lordship.

That honest
tar repaired

To JOE upon the billow,
And told him how he 'd fared :
JOE only whispered, " Willow ! "

And for that dreadful crime
(Young sailors learn to shun it)
He 's working out his time :
In ten years he 'll have done it.



To the TERRESTRIAL GLOBE

By a Miserable Wretch

ROLL on, thou ball, roll on !
Through pathless realms of Space
Roll on !

What, though I 'm in a sorry case ?
What, though I cannot meet my bills ?
What, though I suffer toothache's ills ?
What, though I swallow countless pills ?
Never *you* mind !
Roll on !

Roll on, thou ball, roll on !
Through seas of inky air
Roll on !

It's true I've got no shirts to wear ;
It's true my butcher's bill is due ;
It's true my prospects all look blue —
But don't let that unsettle you !
Never *you* mind !
Roll on !

[*It rolls on.*]

GENTLE ALICE BROWN

IT was a robber's daughter, and her name
 was ALICE BROWN,
 Her father was the terror of a small Italian town ;
 Her mother was a foolish, weak, but amiable
 old thing ;
 But it is n't of her parents that I 'm going for to
 sing.

As ALICE was a-sitting at her window-sill one
 day,



A beautiful young
 gentleman
 he chanced
 to pass that
 way ;

She cast her
 eyes upon him,
 and he looked
 so good and true

That she thought, "I could be happy with a
 gentleman like you !"

And every morning passed her house that cream
 of gentlemen ;
 She knew she might expect him at a quarter
 unto ten,

A sorter in the Custom-house, it was his daily
road

(The Custom-house was fifteen minutes' walk
from her abode).

But ALICE was a pious girl, who knew it was n't
wise

To look at strange young sorters with expressive
purple eyes ;

So she sought the village priest to whom her
family confessed,

The priest by whom their little sins were care-
fully assessed.

“Oh, holy father,” Alice said, “’t would grieve
you, would it not,

To discover that I was a most disreputable
lot ?

Of all unhappy sinners, I ’m the most unhappy
one !”

The padre said, “Whatever have you been and
gone and done ?”

“I have helped mamma to steal a little kiddy
from its dad,

I’ve assisted dear papa in cutting up a little
lad,

I’ve planned a little burglary and forged a little
check,

And slain a little baby for the coral on its
neck !”

The worthy pastor heaved a sigh, and dropped
 a silent tear —
 And said, "You must n't judge yourself too
 heavily, my dear —
 It's wrong to murder babies, little corals for to
 fleece ;
 But sins like these one expiates at half-a-crown
 apiece.

"Girls will be girls — you're very young, and
 flighty in your mind ;
 Old heads upon young shoulders we must not
 expect to find :
 We must n't be too hard upon these little girlish
 tricks —
 Let's see — five crimes at half-a-crown — ex-
 actly twelve-and-six."

"Oh, father," little ALICE cried, "your kind-
 ness makes me weep,
 You do these little things for me so singularly
 cheap —
 Your thoughtful liberality I never can forget ;
 But, oh, there is another crime I have n't men-
 tioned yet !

"A pleasant-looking gentleman, with pretty
 purple eyes,
 I've noticed at my window, as I've sat a-catch-
 ing flies ;
 He passes by it every day as certain as can be —
 I blush to say I've winked at him and he has winked at me !"

“For shame,” said FATHER PAUL, “my erring daughter! On my word

This is Why,
the naughty
most girl,
distressing your
news excellent
that papa has
I have pledged
ever heard. your hand



To a promising young
robber, the lieutenant of his band!

“This dreadful piece of news will pain your
worthy parents so!

They are the most remunerative customers I
know;

For many, many years they’ve kept starvation
from my doors;

I never knew so criminal a family as yours!

“The common country folk in this insipid
neighborhood

Have nothing to confess, they’re so ridiculously
good;

And if you marry any one respectable at all,

Why, you’ll reform, and what will then be-
come of FATHER PAUL?”

The worthy priest, he up and drew his cowl
upon his crown,

And started off in haste to tell the news to
ROBBER BROWN;

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To tell him how his daughter, who now was
for marriage fit,
Had winked upon a sorter, who reciprocated
it.

Good ROBBER BROWN he muffled up his anger
pretty well.
He said, "I have a notion, and that notion I
will tell ;
I will nab this gay young sorter, terrify him into
fits,
And get my gentle wife to chop him into little
bits.

"I've studied human nature, and I know a
thing or two ;
Though a girl may fondly love a living gent, as
many do—
A feeling of disgust upon her senses there will
fall
When she looks upon his body chopped particu-
larly small."

He traced that gallant sorter to a still suburban
square ;
He watched his opportunity and seized him
unaware ;
He took a life-preserver and he hit him on the
head,
And MRS. BROWN dissected him before she
went to bed.

And pretty little ALICE grew more settled in her
mind ;
She never more was guilty of a weakness of the
kind,
Until at length good ROBBER BROWN bestowed
her pretty hand
On the promising young robber, the lieutenant
of his band.



The BUMBOAT WOMAN'S STORY

I 'M old, my dears, and shrivell'd, with age,
and work, and grief,
My eyes are gone, and my teeth have been
drawn by Time, the thief:
For terrible sights I've seen, and dangers great
I've run —
I'm nearly seventy now, and my work is al-
most done!

Ah! I've been young in my time, and I've
play'd the deuce with men —
I'm speaking of ten years past — I was barely
sixty then:
My cheeks were mellow and soft, and my eyes
were large and sweet,
POLL PINEAPPLE's eyes were the standing toast
of the Royal Fleet.



A bumboat woman
was I, and I
faithfully served
the ships
With apples and
cakes, and fowls
and beer, and
halfpenny dips,

BUMBOAT WOMAN'S STORY 179

And beef for the generous mess, where the officers
dine at nights,
And fine fresh peppermint drops for the rollick-
ing midshipmites.

Of all the kind commanders who anchor'd in
Portsmouth Bay,
By far the sweetest of all was kind LIEUTENANT
BELAYE.

LIEUTENANT BELAYE commanded the gunboat
Hot Cross Bun,
She was seven-and-thirty feet in length, and she
carried a gun.

With the laudable view of enhancing his coun-
try's naval pride,
When people inquired her size, LIEUTENANT
BELAYE replied,
"Oh, my ship? my ship is the first of the
Hundred and seventy-ones!"
Which meant her tonnage, but people imagined
it meant her guns.

Whenever I went on board he would beckon
me down below:
"Come down, LITTLE BUTTERCUP, come!"
(for he loved to call me so).
And he'd tell of the fights at sea in which he'd
taken a part,
And so LIEUTENANT BELAYE won poor POLL
PINEAPPLE's heart!

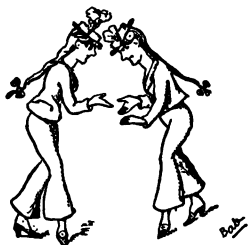
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But at length his orders came, and he said one
day, said he,
"I'm ordered to sail with the Hot Cross Bun
to the German Sea."
And the Portsmouth maidens wept when they
learnt the evil day,
For every Portsmouth maid loved good LIEU-
TENANT BELAYE.

And I went to a back, back street, with plenty
of cheap, cheap shops,
And I bought an oilskin hat and a second-hand
suit of slops,
And I went to LIEUTENANT BELAYE (and he
never suspected *me*),
And I entered myself as a chap as wanted to go
to sea.

We sail'd that afternoon at the mystic hour of
one, —
Remarkably nice young men were the crew of
the Hot Cross Bun.
I'm sorry to say that I've heard that sailors
sometimes swear,
But I never yet heard a Bun say anything wrong,
I declare.

When Jack Tars meet, they meet with a "Mess-
mate, ho! what cheer?"
But here on the Hot Cross Bun, it was "How
do you do, my dear?"



When Jack Tars growl, I believe they growl
 with a big, big D——,
 But the strongest oath of the Hot Cross Buns
 was a mild “Dear me !”

Yet, though they were all well-bred, you could
 hardly call them slick:
 Whenever a sea was on, they were all extremely
 sick ;
 And whenever the weather was calm, and the
 wind was light and fair,
 They spent more time than a sailor should on
 his back, back hair.

They certainly shiver'd and shook when order'd
 aloft to run,
 And they scream'd when LIEUTENANT BELAYE
 discharged his only gun.
 And as he was proud of his gun — such pride is
 hardly wrong —
 The lieutenant was blazing away at intervals all
 day long.

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They all agreed very well, though at times you
 heard it said
That BILL had a way of his own of making his
 lips look red —
That JOE look'd quite his age — or somebody
 might declare
That BARNACLE's long pig-tail was never his
 own, own hair.

BELAYE would admit that his men were of no
 great use to him,
"But then," he would say, "there is little to
 do on a gunboat trim.
I can hand, and reef, and steer, and fire my big
 gun too —
And it *is* such a treat to sail with a gentle, well-
 bred crew."

I saw him every day! How happy the mo-
 ments sped!
Reef topsails! Make all taut! There's dirty
 weather ahead!
(I do not mean that tempests threaten'd the
 Hot Cross Bun :
In *that* case I don't know whatever we *should*
 have done!)

After a fortnight's cruise, we put into port one
 day,
And off on leave for a week went kind LIEU-
 TENANT BELAYE,

BUMBOAT WOMAN'S STORY 183

And after a long, long week had pass'd (and it
seem'd like a life)

LIEUTENANT BELAYE return'd to his ship with
a fair young wife !

He up and he says, says he, " O crew of the
Hot Cross Bun,

Here is the wife of my heart, for the church
has made us one."

And as he utter'd the word, the crew went out
of their wits,

And all fell down in so many separate fainting
fits.



And then their hair came down, or off, as the
case might be,

And lo ! the rest of the crew were simple girls,
like me,

Who all had fled from their homes in a sailor's
blue array,

To follow the shifting fate of kind LIEUTENANT
BELAYE.

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It's strange to think *I* should ever have loved
 young men,
But I'm speaking of ten years past — I was
 barely sixty then,
And now my cheeks are furrow'd with grief and
 age, I trow !
And poor POLL PINEAPPLE's eyes have lost their
 lustre now !

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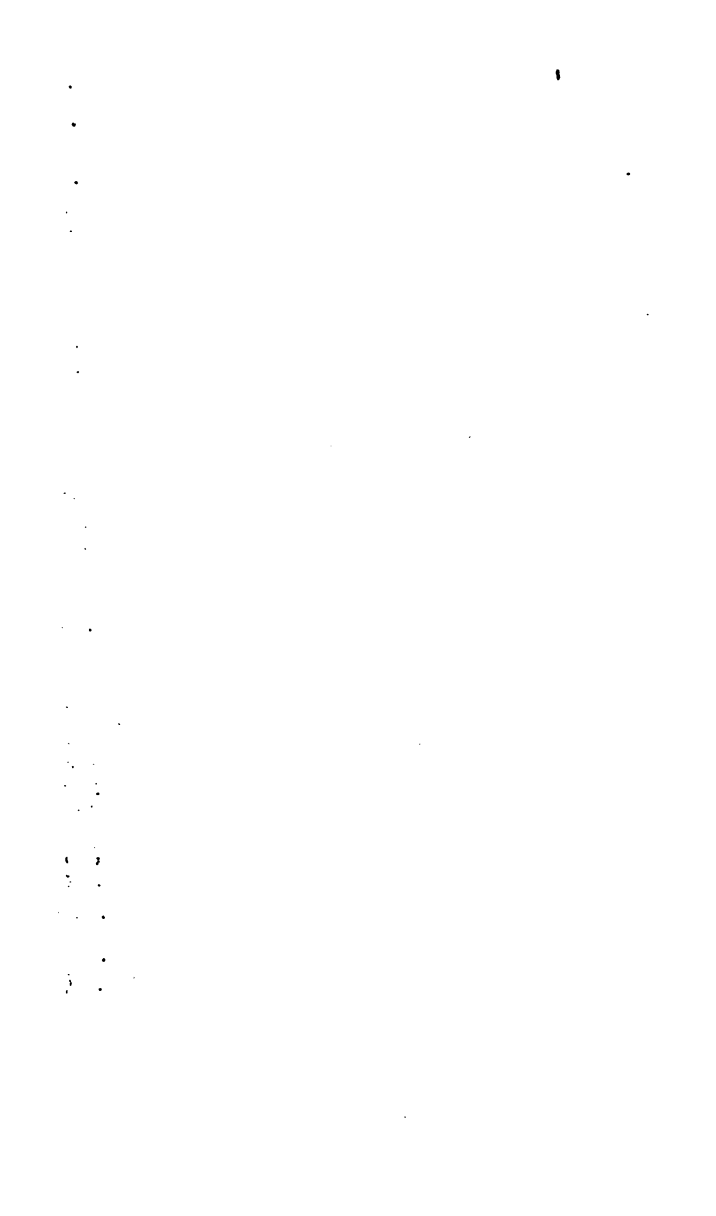
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